

Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 26, 1977 \$2.00 COVER

KNICKS-BUCKS

Preview of the playoffs





Bob Hope's Double-Take

in the Desert Classic Blazer made with fine

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version (right) with button-through flapped pockets and a belted and pleated back, too. The admiring gallery all wear a three-button single breasted style with a hint of shaping.

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Wait till you see what we do tomorrow

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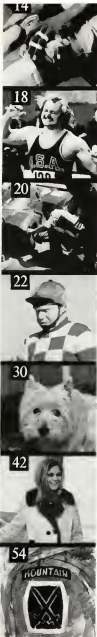
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Next week

IT'S BRUDDER TIME for USC and UCLA, and for once the Trojans are slight favorites to beat college basketball's perennial champions. Joe Lamm views the cross-town rivalry.

WHO'LL BE THE NEXT Utas? Breda? Jorgensen? Tex Maule turns up the chances of the NFL's young quarterbacks and such drafties as Jim Plunkett and Archie Manning.

A DREAM BOAT both racy and luxurious shows Yachtsman Carleton Mitchell how much cruising can be packed into a long Bahamas weekend. Illustrations by Ted Lodgenky.

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King of the hill.

The world 500 cc motocross champion, Bengt Aberg arrives in Phoenix.

A small crowd of motorcycle racers forms around him.

"They're watering the tracks. It's gonna be really muddy."

Aberg: "That's good!"

"Yeah, but it'll dry in an

hour. It's gonna be really dusty."

Aberg: "That's good, too!"

Somebody notices that Aberg's Husqvarna has a Champion Spark Plug.

"Hey, I didn't know they were original equipment on the 'Husky'!"

Aberg: "They're not. What

plug do you use?"

The next day, Aberg won the race.



Toronto, Ohio 43061

**20 million people have switched to Champion Spark Plugs.
This has been one of them.**



FROM THE CALCULUS IN A STARTLED CAT...

Just as a movie film consists of repeated still pictures of a moving object, so does Calculus break motion down into an infinite number of "instants." Thus mathematicians can calculate an object's speed and acceleration at a specific instant.



...TO THE "RANDOM WALK" PRINCIPLE OF MODERN PHYSICS...

If a blindfolded boy walks away from a lamp post, changing directions according to whim, the "law of disorder" predicts that he will keep returning to the lamp post. Young Einstein used this principle to describe the movement of tiny particles suspended in a liquid.



...TO THE AMAZING COINCIDENCE OF BIRTHDAYS...

Out of any 23 people in a crowd, the odds are better than two to one that at least two of them have birthdays on the same date. In dealing with a group above 50 people, the chance approaches certainty. Try it on 50 friends and see for yourself.

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**"If only Mathematics had been made this exciting
when we were in school!"**



PARTHENON fits almost precisely into a "Golden Rectangle" when its missing top is drawn in. This geometrical shape occurs frequently in the arts.



SOLID ABSTRACTIONS invented by the Greeks, the first people to pursue mathematics as an art in itself.

Now you can enjoy, and give your children, the advantage you never had—of experiencing Mathematics as a series of great adventures, from the Cuneiform calculations of the Babylonians to the "new mathematics" taught in schools today.

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Today's school children are simply helping to write a new chapter in a history which began some 10,000 years ago—when the Stone Age hunters started to farming and were faced with keeping track of days and seasons and dividing up land.

Ever since, mathematics has shaped our civilization with ever-increasing force, culminating in the mathematics revolution which exploded over Hiroshima and is now reaching for the moon.

Today we balance our checkbooks and measure time with the arithmetic invented by the ancient Mesopotamians. The laws of probability determine our insurance rates. The Theory of Games helps the businessman—and may even prevent World War III.

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You will meet lucid Greeks who conquered space with compass and straight edge... Italians who dived with equations... modern American mathematicians.

YOU WILL SEE in full-color paintings, rare prints, and photographs, the uncanny geometry in Nature... the bridges of Königsberg that inspired the "Network Theory"... a strip of paper with only one side.

You will end by exclaiming, "Why couldn't they have made math this exciting when I was in school!" And you will rejoice for your children. (A special section explains the "new mathematics" many of them are learning.)

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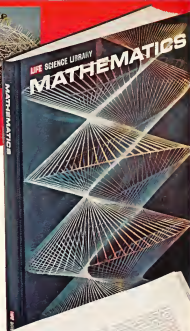
...TO THE MYSTERIOUS GEOMETRY OF NATURE...

The daisy head bears a close relationship with the Fibonacci sequence, which involves counting starting with 1 and adding the last two numbers to arrive at the next: 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, etc. Daisy heads have 21 clockwise petals, 34 counter-clockwise.



...TO THE BEAUTY OF A GEODESIC DOME

The geodesic dome takes advantage of the strength of triangles in a marriage of mathematical utility and beauty that even Nature quite admires.



CHESS-PLAYING COMPUTER may soon beat human players. These sophisticated machines are being programmed to "remember" their past mistakes.



MOST HUMAN HEADS have a 'fod point' from which all the hair radiates. Topologically, it would be impossible to cover a sphere with hair without at least one such point.



- Actual book size 9 1/2" x 11"
- 200 pages, 72 in full color
- 35,000 words of text

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**Coming
Through.**



SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

FATAL FASCINATION

In the small hours of the night of March 1, 1910 a thundering mass of wet snow, earth, rocks and trees ripped a terrible swath down the 5,000-foot peaks surrounding Stevens Pass in Washington. It completely engulfed a Great Northern train, which had been stalled by lesser slides. More than 100 persons died, but no one knows just how many because an unknown number of trackwalkers and gandy dancers had sought refuge in the stalled train and were killed along with passengers and crew.

Since then Stevens Pass has piled up a history of avalanches, which take place at intervals of about six or seven years, but this has not prevented the summit of the pass from becoming one of the country's most popular ski areas. Early this year, however, tremendous snows fell in the Cascades. Eventually, during chinook rains, they acquired an icy surface. Then, last week, the greatest snows in some 30 years hit the icy crust and promptly avalanched. All four passes through the Cascades were blocked, and road crews fought day and night to open one or another at intervals to one-way traffic. Early Sunday morning, Jan. 24, a massive slide from Mt. Lichtenberg crashed over a ski but real-estate development, killing four persons and injuring many more.

"We warned the developers that they were building in an avalanche area," says Governor Dan Evans, himself an avid skier, "and that prospective purchasers should be notified. We were informed by lawyers for the development that we were damaging their potential for sales and that we might be subject to suit."

Out of the tragedy may come some good. Evans intends to introduce a land-use management plan that "will give us at the state level an opportunity to really get some broad criteria for development of land."

Not that skiers are going to wait. Shortly after the fatal slide, skiers bound for Stevens Pass, which was closed, hung

around Skykomish, hoping the road would reopen. When an ambulance came through carrying an injured man who had been caught in yet another avalanche, skiers immediately bearded highway officers, demanding that they be allowed to proceed to their sport.

JUNT FOR KICKS

Marin County, just north of San Francisco, is bidding to become the extra-point and field-goal-kicking educational center of the U.S.

Chances are it has become so already. Last season Marin County high-schoolers averaged 78.7% of their field-goal attempts, against the national pro average of 59.4%. They weren't cheap shots, either. The shortest field goal was 26 yards, and these high schools use college-width goalposts. They also had a 95.5% conversion record, compared with the NCAA average of 88.3%. In one game a San Marin High kicker set a local record of three field goals in one game—at 43, 41 and 29 yards.

Typical of the county players' approach to kicking is the family of Bobby Cooper, who plays for Novato High. His father centers, his mother holds and his sister stays in all-year practice sessions. Last year Bobby missed only one extra-point attempt.

Inspiration for the Marin specialization is Gordon Tovani, himself a barefoot kicker who tried out with the Oakland Raiders in 1960. He was 34, which made him one of the team's oldest rookies, a fact that led to his release.

But his love for the kick has not diminished. Tovani conducts clinics with Marin coaches and uses charts, diagrams, films and timing devices in his teaching. He is a medical supplies distributor, but his big kick is kicking.

BIG MAN IN OMAHA

Three years ago Gary Kipfmiller of Detroit was three years out of high school. He had knocked around a bit as an auto factory laborer and was thinking

of becoming a welder when a better idea hit him. Why not become a professional wrestler? After all, he weighed 415 pounds.

After he enrolled in a professional wrestling school a friend suggested that he try out for the Olympic wrestling team, which was possible because he had not yet earned any money wrestling.

Kipfmiller headed for the tryouts at Ames, Iowa. There he met Don Benning, head wrestling coach at the University of Omaha (now the University of Nebraska at Omaha). Benning offered him a scholarship.

Today Kipfmiller is the star of an undefeated college wrestling team. He has also done something about his size. He is down to 365 pounds. And he is undefeated in 10 matches this season, with eight pins and two decisions.

Under Benning, the university has become a national wrestling power, somewhat handicapped by the fact that it belongs to the National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics rather than the larger and more prestigious National Collegiate Athletic Association. As Omaha U., the school helped get the NAIA going and won't desert it now. Otherwise, it would be a serious competitor for the major wrestling powers—Iowa State, Oklahoma, Oklahoma State and Navy—in the NCAA championships.

As for Kipfmiller, he has an eye on 1972 and the Olympics.

LOVE STORY

The personal advertisement in the classified section of *The Dallas Morning News* said: "Alice: I love you more than duck hunting. Dave."

Now that the season's over. . .

THE HORSEY SET

A few years ago it seemed certain that the horse, except for appearances at racetracks and in Western movies, was a vanishing animal and the village blacksmith (*Vaframer americanus*) an endangered species.

Not so. The horse is making a strong comeback as a recreational facility and there is, therefore, a surging demand for blacksmiths.

Consider New Mexico State University. It started a course in horseshoeing a few years back and has been swamped with applicants ever since. The course, elegantly labeled "farrier science," was

continued

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intended for local cowpokes, but it has been attracting far-flung farmers from all parts of the nation, including Brooklyn, where there is a shortage of both spreading chestnut trees and smiths.

Cost of the course is \$150. Students also must buy \$45 worth of lab equipment—pulling nippers, hoof nippers, a nail clincher, hoof-pick, clinch cutter, pitchfork, hoof knife, rasp, hammer and apron. These are not easy to find at Woolworth's.

ONE FOR THE BOOK

With the University of San Diego three points ahead and about one minute of play remaining, San Diego's Oscar Foster drove for the basket and was fouled by a University of Redlands player. At the same moment, a fight began and the officials ruled that Foster would not only be awarded one-and-one shots for the original foul but would also be shooting a double flagrant foul on two separate Redlands players. Total: six consecutive free throws, all of which Foster made. Final score: San Diego 81, Redlands 73.

Thinking the six throws might be some sort of record, someone telephoned Steve Boda of the National Collegiate Sports Services in New York. Boda could find no listing for this sort of thing but said that Foster's feat would be so noted "until somebody comes up with something better."

JUST NOT CRICKET

As Britain prepares to convert to the metric system, abandoning feet and inches, it is running into problems, some of them quite upsetting to a people who revere tradition.

Consider cricket, for example. Should the cricket pitch be converted into metric measurements? It is now a good, sound 22 yards. Should it be rounded out to 20 meters, as Major Rowland Bowen, editor of *Cricket Quarterly*, has suggested, thereby lopping 4½ inches off it?

By no means, thunders the Marylebone Cricket Club, arbiter of the ancient sport. "The measurements will stay the same," proclaimed a Marylebone official, "with the metric equivalents shown in brackets."

THERMAL POLLUTION AGAIN

As if we don't have pollution problems enough, a study team in New Mexico has now catalogued 64 environmental

threats—some of them previously unknown to science.

The team (which calls itself an environmental consortium) includes representatives from six New Mexico universities and colleges.

The problem that has attracted the most piquant attention in the state is "biological reduction of chili wastes." The chili pepper and the pinto bean are New Mexico's two official state vegetables.

"Chili wastes [from processing plants] pose a significant sewage problem in at least one New Mexico city," says the consortium, "and little is known about how to treat it."

The Gourmet Chili Society of America, headquartered in Albuquerque, came up with an immediate suggestion: "Sell the chili wastes to the hash joints of Texas. They will never know the difference."

OBEDIENCE TRAINED

Neighbors who objected to the barking of his Labrador retriever led a Toronto man to put together a house-to-kennel intercom system. When the dog barked he soothed it with a few comforting words or, if necessary, a stern command.



At a recent party he demonstrated the system to his guests and one of them, an early-morning jogger, remembered the house-to-kennel hot line the next time he went for a run. He detoured to his friend's kennel and roused the slumbering Labrador, then provoked him into a mild spell of barking.

"Shut up," came the drowsy command over the intercom.

"O.K., boss," the jogger replied, then fled the neighborhood.

PAPER TIGERS

It has been three years since the District of Columbia's Woodrow Wilson High School won a basketball game. It has piled up a record of 55 straight losses. It has averaged better than 30 turnovers a game.

There are reasons, of course. Woodrow Wilson's Tigers have no gym of their own this year and must practice at Alice Deal Junior High. But even then the players can't get in until 4:30 p.m. because the Deal girls are working on gymnastics. And they have to quit at 6 o'clock. Deal was locked up during Christmas vacation and the Tigers could not practice for two weeks.

Coach Don Fugel offers another reason. Most of his players, he explains, were sent to Wilson because it has a good scholastic reputation.

"The talk at home is grades," he says despondently.

GONE ARE THE DAYS

Most of us can remember a time when, pedaling a new bike, we rode grandly past the front porch and, giving the full Nixon gesture, yelled, "Look, Ma, no hands!"

Forget it, at least in Maryland. Now the state has a law that makes it unlawful to crash into the corner mailbox, a utility pole or a brick wall unless you have at least one hand on the handlebar. You can't even carry a passenger unless the bike is specially designed for that purpose, so no more handlebar sitting. Nor—perhaps the one sensible provision of the law—are you allowed to hitch a free ride by clinging to a bus or truck. Not even on roller skates.

THEY SAID IT

- Tex Winter, Washington basketball coach, back from Fairbanks, Alaska, where the temperature fell to 50° below zero: "I don't think we'll be going back to Alaska. I've seen it. I believe it. I think I'll let it go at that."
- AJ Cementina, coach at Lick High, to which Jim Plunkett transferred after his freshman year at Overholt: "We reviewed the ethnic composition of our student body and found we were underbalanced—we needed a quarterback."

END

TV TALK

All three networks dipped into the Super Bowl—one for laughs, one for outrage, one for pathos. Now it's fourth down: punt

Since the three networks are now partners with the National Football League, they all felt obliged to conclude the recent season with some sort of special bow toward the Super Bowl. Thanks to this three-pronged assault, it seems possible to draw some conclusions about how each network evaluates its sports viewers.

CBS, which more or less pioneered the pro game on TV, must have decided that the football follower is a cretin, or at very best a buffoon. On something called *The Super Bowl Comedy Hour* the humor was trite and witless, made all the worse by a hyena laugh track. Essentially, the hour was devoted to a succession of sordid sight gags, all based on the premise that because an athlete is big and strong it is a laff riot for sure when he bangs little men on the back or crunches knuckles shaking hands or displays a large appetite. There are so many genuinely funny things in sport that it is a shame this rare foray into athletic humor had to plunge its viewers into the depths of banality.

For its more modest part in the valedictory of the season, ABC took refuge in its strength: controversial personalities. On *Wide World of Sports* it used some tape and films of the Super Bowl game merely to provide an excuse for Howard Cosell, sport's answer to Martha Mitchell, to host a two-man show. With Cosell was Joe Namath, who is back to playing himself all over the dial after discovering that it really is true—you are only as good as your last movie.

Both Cosell and Namath felt compelled to praise the game film fulsomely, although they were so ordinary that Cosell could not even be as bitchy as usual. He did manage some residual disgust with the game, indicating how magnificent a critic he might have been in the booth had he worked the Blunder Bowl live himself.

Which brings us to NBC, this year's co-host of the championship, along with Anita Bryant. As well as game coverage, NBC provided the most ambitious side project, a eulogy—disguised as a documentary—of the late Vince Lombardi. While the show exhibited melodrama instead of dimension, it was occasionally touching and could easily have been accepted as no more than a nice tribute to Lombardi had not scriptwriter Jerry Izenberg virtually trumpeted that this was a far more substantial effort. "If you want legends go to the public library,"

warned narrator George C. Scott in his most stentorian tones. "This is about a man."

Not at all was it about a man. It was strictly about a coach. The sole reference to Lombardi's family or personal life was an anecdote relating how he told his brother, "You stink," after the kid missed a block. Furthermore, we were asked to believe that Lombardi's failure to advance into head coaching for so long was strictly a matter of anti-Italian bias. But if the man Lombardi was not approached, there was hardly any more of an effort seriously to assess the coach Lombardi and his controversial procedures. By the end Izenberg had abandoned even a ghost of objectivity. When Lombardi broke his Green Bay contract to take a piece of the Redskins, we were solemnly informed (complete with a shot of the Capitol) that he was "hearing the distant drums" in Washington. Obviously, a fair analysis of this intriguing personality must wait until we all are out from under the shade of his tragedy.

NBC saved its real drama for the end of the Super Bowl itself, when it provided some revealing closeups along the sideline, especially of Jim O'Brien as he neared his rendezvous. Sadly, as superb as the camera work was throughout, even a Cowboy roofer would acknowledge that Don Meredith's talents were missed more at the mike than at quarterback. Curt Gowdy and his undistinguished color men just could not bring themselves to flout out say the game—stirring entertainment that it was—did not rank as a textbook classic. Nobody, least of all those well-paid quarterbacks, made mistakes; pressure, breaks, injuries, artificial turf and stout defenses were the explanations for just about every error short of the half-time Miami gased bomb.

And, by the way, speaking of Italians who didn't get the top jobs, Al DeRogatis, who is much the best football man NBC has—even if he isn't real pretty and speaks with the Brooklyn Bridge in his mouth—was on radio, where he invested the broadcast with his usual copent style.

As my postscript plea for the season, could all networks agree to stop putting the cameras on homemade signs in the stands that say WELCOME NBC or HI CBS. Surely the networks—even ABC—are not so insecure as to require these quaint acknowledgments of their existence. Just consider the kind of youngster who would stay home and hand-letter a large love note to a television network while his contemporaries are out bowling and necking. By giving notice to these signs, the networks only encourage such deviant behavior and lead the perpetrators on to obscene phone calls, participation in daytime quiz shows and the like.

—FRANK DEFORD

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LEW IS NOT ENOUGH

Milwaukee has the best record in the league and Alcindor is the sport's dominant player, but the Bucks still have to beat the Knicks, who always manage to be at their best in rehearsals for the playoffs **by PETER CARRY**

As the two teams warmed up for their game, Lew Alcindor paced along the midcourt line at Madison Square Garden, his head pitched back, his face slack-jawed and dull except for the dark fire in his eyes. Hiding his hands under the red and white elastic ribbing at the bottom of his Milwaukee Bucks sweat shirt, Alcindor strode purposefully, careful to remain on his side of the line. Once or twice he glanced briefly across the stripe at the defending champions, the New York Knickerbockers, but even then he showed no emotion, never altered the force of his stride. Dispassion is Lew's way. Only a man with his self-control could view the Knicks from such a perspective and remain outwardly unconcerned. After a season and a half in the pros, Lew already has become what everyone thought he would, the game's dominant player. And the lone obstacle to his enjoying the final glory—a similar preeminence for the Bucks—is the team that was warming up on the far side of the line.

The Knicks are not without challenges of their own, and Alcindor himself is certainly one of them. But there are other problems. As Lew paced, Willis Reed, the league's Most Valuable Player last season, sat on the New York bench with an ice bag propped on his left knee. Reed was trying to freeze away the pain of chronic tendinitis that has caused him to miss occasional games and sometimes to play below the level of skill with which he led the Knicks to the championship.

It was only nine months ago that New York won its title and was proclaimed a burgeoning dynasty. But today the Bucks, not the Knicks, have the best record in the league (at week's end Milwaukee was 43-9 and nine games

ahead in the Midwest Division; New York, 38-18, led the Atlantic Division by 4½ games), and the champs, who were pooled like so many grapes in about 2,000 books last spring and found to be perfect in nearly all of them, are under a different type of intense scrutiny. "What's wrong with the Knicks?" ask the New York headlines. Did Coach Red Holzman take on too much when he also became general manager? Is Walt Frazier spending too much time in his hairsyling salon and not enough practicing? Is everybody suffering from enlarged pocketbook and is Trainer Danny Whelan staging a job action until he too gets a \$100,000-a-year contract?

Such was the speculation as the Bucks and Knicks squared off in New York. By the time that contest (see cover) was over and the Knicks had won 107-98 and both teams had played succeeding games against Philadelphia and Boston—the Knicks also played Atlanta—some answers were apparent.

One of them is that if Reed's knee and Whelan's supply of ice bags hold up, New York can handle its remaining problems. As for Alcindor, if he is to lead a victory over the Knicks in the finals of the playoffs, he must have far more help from his teammates than he has received in three of the four New York-Milwaukee games this year.

Injuries have accounted for much of the Knicks' failure to match their record of last season, when they lost only 22 games. Among them, the team's top eight players (after the latest expansion, New York's is the only roster that bears counting down that far) have missed a total of 47 games. Cazzie Russell sat out 25 with a broken wrist. During the team's midseason slump, when it lost

five of six games, Reed was running a fast break in and out of the hospital with a recurring virus. In fact, until the week before New York's recent game against the Bucks, Holzman did not have all his best players in fair health at any time this season.

Still, that fails to explain the losses to teams like Buffalo and Portland, which should have trouble with the Knicks' second five. While the players refuse to concede a diminution of enthusiasm after last season's emotional spree—which would be reasonable and even respectable—their explanations indicate that games against unimposing teams have turned into tedious exercises.

"We get up for a challenge," says Dave DeBusschere. "When we lost up at Portland and Seattle, we were playing light."

"No matter what you do during the regular season, you still have to win the playoffs to make people remember it at all," says Reed. "Take Boston two years ago. They finished fourth in their division, but what people remember is that they won it all."

The Bucks have the incentive of proving themselves, of course, and they treat every game like a demolition derby. They are outscoring their opponents by 13 points per game, while the Knicks have only a six-point edge. After their loss to New York last week the Bucks beat the Celtics as Alcindor equaled his professional high of 53 points, and two nights later they took the 76ers by 24 points.

continued

Alcindor can beat the Celtics almost single-handed—he had 53 last week—but he needs help against New York and rarely gets the kind that Greg Smith (4) supplied to Boston.





Meanwhile, the Knicks narrowly won in Atlanta and Boston and lost by a point to the 76ers.

Against this contradictory record stands the imposing reality that the Knicks are spurred to their best when they meet the Bucks, even in regular-season games. Bill Bradley, who matches Alcindor in striving to appear detached, confesses that the films of the team's second victory over the Bucks this year reveal that he cavorted about the court at the final buzzer as joyously as he did at the end of the game in which the Knicks clinched the world championship. That kind of enthusiasm has brought New York its 3-1 lead over Milwaukee this season, inspiring the close, intuitive team play that won last year's playoffs and should be in evidence this time.

When New York defeated Milwaukee in the Eastern Division playoffs last year, it was essentially a mismatch featuring Alcindor against five Knicks. By the third game of that series the scrambling defense of New York's guards, Frazier and Dick Barnett, had forced Bucks Coach Larry Costello to try a number of backcourt combinations, all to no avail. The Milwaukee guards not only had difficulty protecting the ball, they were unable to get it inside to Alcindor with any consistency. When Lew did have the ball, the Knicks—particularly Bradley—were very effective at double-teaming him, occasionally stealing the ball and frequently forcing Alcindor to take poor shots.

It was also during this series that an odd antagonism toward Alcindor developed among Madison Square Garden fans, who could see that one day Lew would return to ruin many of their evenings. As the final game slipped out of the Bucks' reach and Alcindor withdrew to the bench, the crowd with astonishing spontaneity began serenading him with "Goodbye, Lewie." Since then, Knicks fans boo the mere mention of Alcindor's name, which does not happen to any of the other visiting superstars and is particularly strange because Lew comes

from Manhattan and was a favorite son for many years.

"I used to like to play in New York," Alcindor said last week. "Now I don't have any feelings, or perhaps I should say I don't like it. There are a lot of nasty, small people here. It's gotten so I have to play Goliath every time I'm here."

The boos were as rancorous as ever last week, but several old Knick stratagems failed to annoy the Bucks. Oscar Robertson now plays guard for Milwaukee, and the confusion that Frazier and Barnett created in the Bucks backcourt last year seems to have disappeared. Robertson controls the ball even against New York's defenses, and he gets it to Alcindor at the right time and in the right place. Just as important, he is always an outside scoring threat, which prevents opposing backcourt men from sagging to double-team Alcindor. But it is indicative of the stature that Lew now enjoys that Robertson, after the initial excitement over the trade that brought him to the Bucks from Cincinnati, has settled into Alcindor's shadow. Oscar is scoring far fewer points than in any previous year of his career and assumes the primary offensive role only when Lew is out of the game. This happened when Alcindor got into foul trouble during the Bucks' one win over New York this season and was forced to sit out 23 minutes of the game. Robertson responded with his best performance of the year, scoring 35 points as Milwaukee won 116-106.

Several times during last week's game Bradley attempted to move in on Alcindor when Lew had the ball in the low post. But instead of making steals, he picked up two fouls and spent his other forays circling after Alcindor as Lew backed and wheeled toward the basket. "I think I've learned how to adjust," Lew said. "I've always been able to dribble, it was just that I didn't know when to do it. Now I think I do."

The prospects for defensive help from his teammates now diminished, Reed talks of guarding Alcindor in tones of desperation. "We have to hope we outplay them at the other positions," he says. "We realize that Lew's going to get his 35 points. I just have to hope he doesn't get 50." Still, Reed handles the assignment at least as well as any center in the league. On Tuesday, fresh from one of the heavy cortisone shots he takes

in his knee once every six weeks and after a good pregame freeze, Reed used his weight and strength effectively, repeatedly forcing Alcindor to shoot while moving away from the basket. Lew scored 29 points, but shot erratically, while Reed scored 35. Alcindor led the rebounding 25-15. With this kind of standoff New York wins.

Surprisingly, it is at forward—where New York's starting combination of Dave DeBusschere and Bradley averages among the lowest point totals of any regular pair in the NBA—that the Knicks maintain a big edge. They have unusual depth at the position, with Dave Stallworth and Russell as substitutes, but last week it was the starters who hurt Milwaukee. They had 36 points and 23 rebounds. DeBusschere, playing his usual muscular defense, held Bob Dandridge below his scoring average for the fourth time this year. Bradley ran his normal random, weaving patterns on offense, helping to step up the pace of the Knicks' offense. At the same time the man he guarded, Greg Smith, failed to penetrate. Smith's drives are crucial to the Milwaukee attack. Five times in the second half Costello rearranged his forward combinations, doing best when he switched John McGlocklin from guard to the front line.

"If we meet them in the playoffs it's all going to hinge on the forwards," said Alcindor. "They have four of them. They can all shoot from the outside and they all know the game. It's the forwards who control the tempo with their movement and that's what they've done so well against us."

"The Bucks are a young team," Costello said. "We have to be organized, we can't free-lance like the Knicks because they have so much more experience. But you can prepare longer for the playoffs. You can work two or three days just to get ready for one team. We can look at films and discuss them so that all the players have confidence and they agree that what they're doing is right. It helped us last year in the playoffs against Philadelphia and I think we'll be better prepared if we meet New York than we were last night. I think we can get the type of movement we need. We must have somebody like Greg Smith in there cutting to the basket to get them to adjust to us instead of us to them."

At this stage anyway, the Bucks are doing the adjusting—and losing. **END**

Against Boston as well as Milwaukee, Dave DeBusschere (21) gives New York an edge, and Walt Frazier is a problem for any guard in the league. For the Knicks, Reed's knee, which he freezes before games, is the big worry.

NO PRACTICE MAKES ALMOST PERFECT

Randy Matson has had no peer in the shotput, but his dominion is threatened by Al Feuerbach, who throws only when it counts by PAT PUTNAM

In recent years the shotput has been, by definition, an event won by Randy Matson, the executive director of the Boosters Club of West Texas State, who, at 6'6½" and 270 pounds, is just the man to put the arm on alumni. Matson is the Olympic champion, the world-record holder (71'5¼"), the only man ever to top 70 feet and the only man ever to top 69 feet. Neil Steinhauer of Oregon is the second best shotputter in history, with a throw of 68'11¼". This put is the 26th longest ever made outdoors. The first 25 belong to Matson, as do Nos. 27 through 53.

One night in San Francisco a couple of weeks ago a new definition gained acceptance. The lexicographer was Al Feuerbach, 23, self-unemployed, out of the Pacific Coast Club by way of Emporia State, from which he has a degree in bus. admin. By shotput standards he isn't big, just 6'1" and, if you include the long blond hair, the mustache and the sideburns, 247 pounds. By the same standards his training methods are a shade unusual. But when he got off a throw of 68'11" that night he became the biggest thing ever under a roof. The old indoor best was 67'10", a mark Matson equaled while beating Feuerbach in Los Angeles a week earlier. In San Francisco, Matson finished second after three throws beyond the old record, but the longest was three inches short of the new.

The following night, in Albuquerque, Matson regained his supremacy—if not the record—with a throw of 68 feet. Feuerbach (pronounced fearbock) did 66'6½" and said he was still emotionally drained after his record put. "I tried to psych myself up," he said forlornly, "but it wasn't there."

Last weekend they met again in Portland, Ore. A few days before the meet, over prime ribs in a Los Angeles restaurant, Feuerbach viewed his indoor

record as a personal triumph over shotput tradition. For eight years, or ever since he first picked up a 12-pound shot in high school in Preston, Iowa (pop. 950), people have been telling him he was too small. O.K., he said, but for four of those years he put the shot seven days a week, three hours a day. He also lifted weights three days a week, three hours a day. In his last year at Emporia State he was both NAIA indoor (62'8") and outdoor (61'9") champion. "But that," he said, "just meant I was the best of the little guys."

Al Feuerbach thought he could be the best of the big guys. After seven summers pitching hay on his dad's farm he managed to save \$3,000. He drove to Los Angeles, moved into an apartment with three USC athletes and went to work. Twice a week he threw the shot. The rest of the time he lifted weights. And he brooded about the dogma that holds that unless a shotputter is 6'5" or taller he'll never make it.

"I guess if I'm not obsessed with throwing the shot I'm awful close," Feuerbach said. "But when people kept saying I was too small it just drove me harder. Height is just one variable. There's speed, technique, strength and coordination. If any one can be developed to a high enough degree, then the advantage of height can be overcome."

At the moment, Feuerbach is concentrating on building speed through strength, or, as he puts it, explosive strength. Now that the indoor season has begun, he works solely with weights. He never picks up a shot unless it's in competition, which led an astonished Matson to believe that Feuerbach was either a con man or that he had discovered something. "It's kind of hard to believe he doesn't train," Matson said.

"I figure I can't improve in practice," Feuerbach countered. "There's too much of a mental letdown from com-

petition. I've thrown the shot thousands of times in practice all those years. All the motor pathways have been developed. Now it's just a matter of speed. And speed is getting stronger, which I'm doing. Look at it this way. I have enough strength to throw an object weighing less than 16 pounds farther than the world record. Now I have to get enough strength to make the 16-pound shot lighter."

As a gauge he uses the bench press, and as of now he can press 380 pounds. Most of the good shotputters do 430 to 440. This past week Matson said he was pressing 420, which is low for him.

"Last summer during the AAU championships I was only pressing 340," Feuerbach said, "and I was only throwing 65 feet. Some guys get stronger and only gain a little on their throws. But as my strength jumps, so do my dis-



Matson seems to seek guidance from above.

tances. Don't ask me why, because I don't know. But I do know that if I'm pressing 450 by Olympic time, then somebody is going to have to be far over the world record just to be in contention." He thought about that a moment, then added, "I kind of expect that Randy will be."

So does Matson, who seems to be quietly enjoying Feuerbach's challenge. It's a refreshing change. Last year, outdoors, Matson won all 10 of the meets he entered. Now 25 and recently a father for the second time, he still trains as hard as ever: twice a week throwing, twice a week working with weights, once a week competing. Until Feuerbach came along his only rival was boredom, and that was running a poor second, too. As long as there was his own world record to better, he always managed to get the adrenaline turned on in a meet. Most of it, anyway.

"I had always hoped that I would never get to a point where I was satisfied to win with just a 67," Matson said a few hours before his fourth meeting with Feuerbach this year. "In the past I always felt I could have moved the mark out a little farther. Now with Al pushing me . . ." He laughed. "I just hope he keeps pushing and doesn't start pulling. Of course, it's always easier to go into competition chasing someone instead of trying to stay ahead. His record at San Francisco has given me something to chase. And now I'm really looking forward to the outdoor season, when we can get real serious."

That morning a friend had stopped at Matson's breakfast table to say hello. Upon leaving, he said, "Say, that kid from Emporia is really throwing that thing out there."

Matson admitted that the kid from Emporia was doing just that. After the friend had gone, he shook his head. "I sure have been hearing a lot of *that* lately," he said. "I guess a lot of people want to see me get beat. It's kind of a funny feeling. But I think there is a lot more interest this year, more excitement, and that's good for shotputting."

The Matson-Feuerbach duel has been more than good. In the first three meetings between the two Feuerbach was named the meet's top athlete once. Matson twice. That hasn't happened to shotputters since Matson took over in 1965, if ever.

At the Memorial Coliseum in Portland, Feuerbach was the first into the



Feuerbach seems upset after being beaten by Matson in Portland, Ore. last week.

ring. He looked awfully quick. "He's not tall," said Matson, "but because of his size I think he can move better in the ring. He's not so cramped in there. And he can drive harder across the ring. If I drove that hard I'd wind up five yards on the other side of the toeboard."

Feuerbach threw a 66' 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ ". His first throw is always cautious. "I just want to get a mark," he said.

By contrast, Matson likes to go all out on his first throw. "They talk about psyching an opponent," he said. "The only way I know how to do that is to blast out that first throw." His first throw was 65' 1", which didn't psych anyone. Then, on his third attempt, Matson hit 66' 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ " to take the lead.

Feuerbach stepped in, the shot cradled in his right hand. Shotputting is the only thing he does right-handed. Spin. Flick. Grunt. 67' 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ ". He looked at Matson. "That Randy," he said, "he's cool. Nothing shakes him."

Unshook, Matson hit 68 feet, and the crowd roared. After Feuerbach did 67' 8", Matson finished with 68' 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ ", a meet record. The crowd approved every inch of it. "I was glad to win," said Matson. "And I sure was glad to see that last

one of his fall short. This is getting to be some duel." It was hard to tell if he was more elated by the victory or the challenge.

Later, in a small room away from the main arena, Feuerbach dissected his defeat and found hope. "I was ready mentally," he said, "but physically I wasn't quite alert. But that 67' 8" throw, that was so easy. And I got no explosion into it. I'm not happy with losing, but now I'm more optimistic than ever. If I can throw that lousy and do that well, why even right now I must have another two feet in me. Next week Randy and I go at it again in Fort Worth. I told him it ought to be a good one. He just grinned and said he'd be ready. Well, he's beaten me three out of four. Maybe I better reevaluate my training." He paused. "Maybe I better throw the shot in practice next week. Then, maybe I shouldn't."

Outside, the crowd roared once more. Steve Prefontaine, the University of Oregon's 20-year-old middle-distance sensation, who had won the two-mile in 8:31.6, a meet record, had been named the evening's top performer.

"Aw, I would have voted for Randy," said Feuerbach.

END



Daytona's 24 Hours took a fender off Roger Penske's bold blue Ferrari (above) and cooked the gearbox of Pedro Rodriguez' Porsche—which responded to surgery just in time to win a dramatic finish by **ROBERT F. JONES**

¡AY CHIHUAHUA! WHAT A RACE

A blue Ferrari? The very idea seemed a bit sacrilegious to those denizens of the sports car world gathered at Daytona last week for the annual 24-hour racing rite. But blue it was—and very, very quick. The Ferrari was prepared by Roger Penske and co-driven by Mark Donohue and David Hobbs, and for a while, at least, it seemed that they might get away with their blatant flouting of tradition while lesser Ferraris attired in the customary Italian racing red lurched and spluttered in their wake. In the process the blue Ferrari became the central element in the closest, most exciting Daytona 24 yet run.

Penske is not a man to leave matters of victory or defeat in the hands of tradition. A meticulous craftsman and a cagey strategist, he came to Daytona this year with every imaginable contingency considered, every precaution taken. Hanging in his garage area was a color photograph of the Ferrari as it looked when he bought it last November. Then it wore the hallowed red, but it was a bit battered about the body. "We took it all the way down to the tubes," he explained. "Then we put it back together." The Traco boys of Culver City, Calif., totally rebuilt the engine. Their Indy-wise touch beefed its horsepower

to 640—far more than the 605 available in a factory model. Lujie Lesovsky, the Indianapolis body artist, honed down, reshaped and refurbished the chassis, adding a number of clever Penske touches: fast-filling fuel cells that permitted nine-second gas stops; a vacuum-operated brake-pad replacement device; simpler, more accessible wiring built around circuit breakers and modeled after aircraft electrical systems. Roger's nose wrinkled in slight distaste as he extolled the new electrical system: "Now we don't have to mess with that incredible Italian wiring."

Not content with mere mechanical excellence, Penske drilled his pit crew to Prussian precision. "Racing is like a ruler," Roger philosophized. "Most racing people concentrate on the first 10 inches. Those last two inches—pit performance—they often leave to chance. But that's free time. I want it to be mine. I figure I can gain four laps on pit stops alone."

But mere excellence in preparation, mere superhuman dedication to detail cannot guarantee victory in any endurance race. Penske himself learned that lesson two years ago at Daytona, when a splendidly prepared Porsche factory team faded out of contention during the

dark and Penske's own obsolescent Lola—which had spent some two hours in the pits during the race—ultimately won on sheer persistence (and a touch of good luck).

This year there were no official factory Porsches to contend with. Indeed, there were no factory teams as such in the race. Matra, the French outfit whose lithe, blue-green cars had heightened interest and competition in the world manufacturers' championship during the past two seasons, stayed away from Daytona. One of its two cars had been totaled early last month at Buenos Aires in an accident that took the life of Ferrari's Ignazio Giunti. Alfa Romeo was not on hand and the prestige of the Master of Modena—Enzo Ferrari—was not really on the line.

Porsche, winner of the manufacturers' championship for the past two years—quite handily last season—was represented by two teams. A pair of Porsche 917s entered by Martini & Rossi, the hangover people, arrived late from Argentina, delayed in U.S. Customs. These were last year's models and sported only 4.5-liter engines. The two blue and orange 917Ks entered by England's famed John Wyer were new five-liter jobs and clearly the cars to beat. All during qual-

ifying week it seemed that Penske was the man to beat them.

Roger hoped to qualify his car as early as possible, winning the pole if he could but not dallying late into the week in order to do so. "I want to qualify fast, then pull this engine and put in a fresh one," he said. "There's a very sensible saying in this kind of racing: 'In order to finish first, first you have to finish.' I want as little wear on this machine as possible."

Mark Donohue, Penske's alter ego, was in total agreement. "Mr. Clean," as he is known around the racetracks of America, had changed his image a bit since last season. His quarter-inch crew cut had given way to long hair, well, long by Donohue's standards. It must have measured nearly an inch, and hippies kept coming up to slap him on the back and offer friendly words of encouragement.

The new mop didn't get into Mark's eyes when he went out to qualify on Thursday afternoon. Snapping around the 3.81-mile course like a blue and gold flicker of lightning, he registered a speed of 133.919 miles an hour—fully 11 mph faster than the lap record set last year by Mario Andretti in a Ferrari. Wyer's Porsches were not far behind and, after all, the unflappable Englishman had two cars running to Penske's one. "In a test of this stripe," said Wyer, "redundancy is a very big plus."

After a week of chilly but clear weather, race day broke with every promise of heat—both racewise and weatherwise. A stiff west wind wreathed the track in dust, and as the Ferrari-Porsche duel progressed the sun seemed to shrink and waver in the tin sky like a sun-scorched orange. Right from the start it was a two-car race. In the quicker of the two Wyer Porsches last year's Daytona winner, Pedro Rodriguez of Mexico and his teammate, England's Jackie Oliver, stayed right on Donohue's tailpipes. Then the Penske Ferrari popped an alternator just before sundown, and Pedro surged to the front—a lead he was to maintain all through the long, bleak night. Penske's car hung in there, though, once repairs were made, and as Saturday night whined on toward Sunday morning it looked like the combination of a quicker engine and the quickest pit crew might give Donohue the lead again sometime before dawn.

But just before midnight the unpre-

dictable Vic Elford, in one of the Martini & Rossi Porsches, blew his right rear tire as he swept through the banked corner at the east end of the speedway. "I hit the wall, spun down onto the grass, bounced back up the wall, then hit grass again," Elford said later. "I must have stirred up a touch of dust, because when Donohue came into it he slowed." A smaller Porsche 911, driven by Charles Perry of Jacksonville, Fla., didn't slow. It smashed into Donohue's swerving Ferrari, ripping up the left front and squirreling the suspension. Then Perry's 911 rolled—eight times—and ended up a gnarl of bent metal.

Neither Perry nor Elford was hurt, though both went to the field hospital for a checkup. "All I got was a cut on one finger," marveled Vic.

Donohue got a 70-minute pit stop as his suspension was doctored fore and aft, while Rodriguez got the biggest single break of the race. As the night wore along toward dawn and campfires guttered in the infield, Pedro and Oliver stroked it, wisely putting as little pressure as possible on their car. Penske ordered both of his drivers to bore ahead.

A spit of rain came with the sunrise, laying the dust and freshening the air. The 25-odd cars remaining of the 48-car field dragged rooster tails of oily mist behind them around the high banks. With the rain, the hairpin turn at the east end of the infield became spursville and Donohue spun out twice before switching to rain tires. Still, he was gaining. From fourth he edged past the three-liter Ferrari driven by Luigi (Coco) Chinetti Jr. and Nestor Garcia Vega (not the cigar, but a smoky driver nonetheless).

Next target for Donohue: the NART Ferrari 512 driven by Ronnie Bucknum and Tony Adamowicz. Tony is becoming known around the circuit as Tony-from-A-to-Z—a solid, all-purpose driver—and he was not easily overhauled.

Nor, of course, was the Rodriguez-Oliver car, which held a lead of 200 miles over the Ferraris. Though a broken exhaust and an oil leak caused a little worrisome smoke during the night, the fracture sealed itself later.

But there was no self-cure possible for the gearbox Jackie Oliver shattered at midmorning on the backstretch. For an hour and a half the Porsche sat in the pits, its lead slowly eroding under the threat of the two Ferraris, while Wyer's mechanics rebuilt the transmis-

sion. Since the rules of the race forbade replacement of the entire gearbox, each gear had to be transplanted individually. By the time Rodriguez whipped back into the race Adamowicz had taken the lead and the Donohue car was only a few laps back of Pedro.

But now, due to faulty ignition, Adamowicz was spurning flame every time he downshifted, and the red Ferrari could not be revved above 7,500 rpm. It seemed that blue might be a lucky color even now, after all the weekend's vicissitudes, but the Penske Ferrari pitted—for just a shade under 10 minutes—to replace a fuel pump belt, and in the end finished third.

Pedro stood on it—*jay chihuahue!* how he stood on it!—and when the checkered flag fell at 3 o'clock Sunday he was a back-to-back winner of Daytona, as was the Wyer Gulf Porsche team. But it had not been the easy one-two sweep it proved to be last year. Thanks to the science of Roger Penske and the grit of Adamowicz & Co., it had been a compelling, nerve-racking race. Nothing to feel blue about at all.

END



Co-winners Rodriguez and Oliver confer

DOWN TO EARTH IN BRITAIN

Six days a week, almost every week from August until June, jumping races are held on one or more of 45 different tracks in Great Britain and Ireland—unless the course is flooded or frozen or covered with snow. The races are usually two miles or longer, and in the longer events there may be 30 fences to clear. Occasionally, when the horses try to surmount these obstacles, something goes wrong, as demonstrated by Gerry Cranham's photographs on the following pages. What that means, day in and day out for 10 months of the year, is that somewhere in the British Isles a jump rider is heading rapidly for the ground. Sometimes he bounces. Sometimes he doesn't. Usually, because a horse will not tread on a stationary object if he can avoid it, the rider will curl up and lie there, feeling like a hedgehog on a freeway. And then get up, ready to ride again.

Over big, unyielding obstacles like those at Cheltenham, form requires that jumping riders give their mounts full rein while leaning far back to maintain balance. Even so, veteran jockey Terry Biddlecombe comes a cropper as the result of heavy traffic.



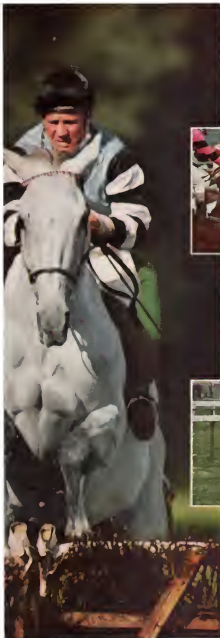


Spectators at British steeplechase events are treated to marvelous displays of harmony between horse and rider as well as to spectacular spills. The gray landing precariously on his forelegs (above) has just cleared nine-foot-wide Bechers Brook, probably the world's most famous 'chase obstacle, at the Grand National course, while at Soudown Park two jumpers go down at the open ditch.









Aspiring jump riders gain early experience in England, often as young lads put to the stern tests of the hunting field, where they learn the basics of horsemanship that lead to the fine form shown at left. But when things go wrong in the attempt to clear a jump, as they obviously did above at Kempton Park, the best a rider can do is to roll upon hitting the ground, then curl into a tight ball and lie still.



THE RIDER'S LIFE

"Sometimes," said Stan Mellor, "I must admit it seems a funny way to make a living." Mellor, 133 pounds of wiry, cheerful Englishman, was lying face down on a physiotherapist's table having ultrasonic rays shot through his shoulder. He is 33 but at the moment looked a good deal older. You don't get much sleep with a fractured shoulder blade, and Mellor had just cracked his for the third time in six months.

Mellor has been a professional jump rider in Great Britain and Ireland for 16 years. If he can stay in one piece for a couple more seasons he will, with ordinary luck, become the first of his kind ever to ride 1,000 winners. To flat-racing followers, accustomed to the astronomical victory totals of Gordon Richards and Johnny Longden and Willie Shoemaker, that figure seems of small account. But behind it there lies an activity very far removed from the brief and profitable games jockeys play at Aqueduct and Hialeah and Epsom Downs. His name is National Hunt Racing—more simply, jumping—and it does sometimes seem an odd way to make a living. A cracked shoulder blade is only part of it, as Mellor learned in 1963 when 40 horses galloped over him during a hurdle race, leaving him short six teeth and with his jaw and cheekbone fractured in 10 places.

Mellor was the reigning champion of Britain's jump riders that year and, despite that fall and many others only slightly less terrifying, he has been in the top flight ever since. Yet he earns comparatively little. He and the other leading jump riders do not make a quarter as much as their smaller and far less battered colleagues in flat racing. The average first prize for a British jumping race is a paltry £606 (about \$1,500). Only one, the world famous Grand National at Aintree, is in the £25,000-and-

up class. When Gay Trip won over 4½ miles and 30 of the world's biggest fences at Aintree in 1970, his purse was £14,804 (about \$35,500), of which his jockey, Pat Taaffe, was entitled to 7½%, or a relatively modest \$2,600. Lester Piggott, Britain's foremost flat rider, received four times that for covering a mile and a half on Nijinsky in the Epsom Derby, which includes no obstacle higher than a blade of grass. A leading jump rider might gross \$20,000 in a good year and, after expenses and taxes, not no more than \$7,000—for 10 months of difficult, demanding, dangerous work.

Jumping races are over either hurdles or fences. Hurdles, 3½ feet high, are wooden frames laced with evergreen. A horse can often knock over hurdles without too much danger. Yet hurdle races, usually run at two miles, are fast, and the falls, while less frequent than over the fences, occur at speed and are apt to be violent and painful. Fences, 4½ feet and up, are much solidier—a general rule is that a horse can brush through only the top six inches. The classic contest of National Hunt Racing is the steeplechase, over fences, at three or 3½ miles. The 4½-mile Grand National once was all important, and to jockeys it remains the holy grail, but many owners and trainers prefer not to risk valuable horses over Aintree's high fences and yawning drops. Ordinary English steeplechase fences, like the 22 over which the Cheltenham Gold Cup is run, are formidable enough. When a horse hits a fence his speed decelerates in a split second, while the jockey's body tends to go straight on. Overcoming this distressing tendency is one of the skills a rider had better acquire if he wants to stay in business and out of the infirmary. He can't always overcome it, which is why Terry Biddlecombe, who has been three times champion rider, was out of action for two months last season.

Such injuries mean idle weeks while other men get your rides. And, despite the danger and the injuries and the meager pay, there are many candidates. More than 400 riding licenses are issued to professionals each season, and there are also

about 600 unpaid enthusiasts who ride occasionally as amateurs. These amateurs are the source from which most top jockeys come. Mellor and Biddlecombe rode in hunts and shows as children, an point-to-point cross-country steeplechases (which is the way the sport began 200 years ago in Ireland) and, finally, as amateurs in competition with established stars. A smaller group started as flat-race jockeys, grew too heavy and turned to jumping. Piggott himself rode 20 winners over hurdles in his younger, less affluent days, and recently men like Josh Gifford and David Mould have brought flat-race style and polish to the sport.

However, style, polish and ability to judge pace and inspire a horse to run all out from the last fence to the finish are not enough. The essence of the sport is jumping—getting a horse to jump fast, flat and clean, and staying on his back when he does. A fine jump rider needs that skill and the courage that will drive an exhausted horse into the last fence when it would be easier to sit back and play it safe, the sort that carried Fred Winter around four twisting miles and 25 fences to win the Grand Steeplechase de Paris with the bit hanging broken and useless from his horse's mouth.

Such legends help to explain the hold jumping has on Englishmen, but it still is not easy to put into words why a man chooses the life of a professional rider—and sticks to it. You would understand it better, I think, inside the jockeys' changing room at a track. Here you see happy men, ready to laugh at anything, including the very real fear they often feel. There is no room for jealousy and bitterness. As Biddlecombe says, "There's quite enough trouble out there without making any of our own. If someone asks you for a bit of room at a fence, you bloody well give it. Next time you might be asking him."

So they have this, the comradeship of dangers shared and understood. And they have the matchless thrill of days when things go right, when your horse stands back and flies at every fence and you come to the last one full of running, flick over it and sail away.

One such moment makes up for an awful lot of falls and pain and disappointment. The memory of it lasts, and while it lasts no jumping jockey will imply gives up the chance of knowing it again.

—JOHN LAWRENCE

With as much grace as he can muster, a rider slips from his horse during Grand National meeting. More serious was the fall of David Mould, lying stunned on Sandown's turf in the Toward Handicap.

Anyone who suggests that the Scots are infatuated with their own image as fighting men has failed to distinguish between infatuation and the real thing. On the corner of any one of a thousand gray streets from Wick to Berwick-upon-Tweed you are in danger of finding people who will earnestly ponder the question of whether it would take one or two Scottish regiments to cope with the Red Army and who will argue persuasively that Benny Lynch, if caught on a sober night, would have floored Muhammad Ali in mid-shuffle.

The fact that Lynch did his deeds as a flyweight is scarcely relevant. An advantage in weight did not help the late Sonny Liston when Peter Keenan, an

archetypal Glaswegian who once held the bantamweight championship of Britain, the British Empire and Europe, brought him to order at a party given to offer a Clydeside welcome to the then-heavyweight champion of the world, Liston, in one of his less congenial moods, had knocked a cigar from a fellow guest's mouth and demanded rather loudly that Keenan, too, should refrain from smoking in his presence.

"Listen," said Keenan, glaring up from the level of Sonny's chest. "You may be the heavyweight champion, but I have never lost a fight in the street in my life. If anything is going out it's not the cigar. It's you."

"Aye," said a voice from the bris-

ling group at Keenan's elbow. "And not by the door—by the windie."

Sonny, who was aware that the party was being held 10 stories up, cooled abruptly. Keenan then sat down on Liston's knee like a ventriloquist's doll. He called for action from the band, and a fairly conventional Glasgow party was under way again.

Most explanations of the Scottish capacity for personalized aggression embrace ethnic, religious, environmental and economic factors. The population of the country is an amalgam of wild races—Picts, Irish Celts, Norsemen, Vikings, Anglo-Saxons and a few other interlopers—set down in wild terrain, plagued but never overcome by invaders,

FIGHTING CARPENTER FROM SCOTLAND

Slickest boxer since Sugar Ray, Lightweight Champion Kenny Buchanan does his roadwork on the Firth of Forth Bridge as he prepares for his title defense next week in Los Angeles

by HUGH McILVANNEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLYDE CRAMER



scarred by the trauma of the Reformation and subjected to the extremes, first of agrarian poverty and—more recently—of the industrial system. Whatever emphasis should be put on these influences individually, there is no doubt that their combined effect is to produce an identifiable paranoia. To most Scots, especially to those who inhabit the urban areas of the central Lowlands, turning the other cheek is the ultimate heresy. They are a small race (also, there has never been a Scottish heavyweight boxer who could be guaranteed to hit a door if he held it by the handle), but their violence is not a petulant expression of frustration. Their problem is less a suspicion of inferiority than a con-

viction that the world is conspiring to conceal how remarkable they are.

This convoluted mentality does different things to different people. To Ken Buchanan, a 25-year-old carpenter from Edinburgh, it has brought the lightweight championship of the world and an overnight reputation among American boxing followers as one of the most impressive European fighters ever to cross the Atlantic.

In Madison Square Garden last December, Buchanan and Donato Paduano were put in the ring together as an expensive diversion for a crowd waiting restlessly to see if Ali and Oscar Bonavena would fight as bitterly as they had talked. Paduano, an undefeated Cana-

dian welterweight previously applauded by Garden audiences as a practitioner of unusual refinement, came off his stool confidently with his shoulders hunched, feinting in close, short arm patterns. The left hand that jumped into his face was as sudden and unnerving as a water cannon. Paduano tried to regroup his thoughts and sneak a way past or under the hazard. But wherever he went he was met by that sickening jab. It came at him in singles, doubles and triples, jolting his head so violently that his skull seemed likely to bruise his backbone. All too often for his comfort the straight lefts were reinforced by sharp hooks with the same hand or swift right crosses. Buchanan, bouncing round the

continued





KEEPING PADUANO AT BAY WITH HIS JAB, BUCHANAN WAS A HIT IN THE GARDEN

ring with an upright, slightly stiff-kneed action, was invariably where Paduano did not want him to be. The Canadian was 10 pounds heavier, but it was clear that this would only compound his embarrassment. By the end of three minutes Paduano's face had reddened painfully, his mouth sagged open and his expression was that of a man who has sacked casually on an exploding cigar. He did no better in the five or six rounds that followed and, though Buchanan tired quite badly toward the finish of the 10-round fight ("I had a cold, and breathing got harder"), all three scorecards made him a runaway winner.

Long before midpoint, American boxing writers, most of whom had remained unconvinced when this Lincey had taken one version of the lightweight title from Ismael Laguna in San Juan a few months earlier, were turning in the direction of a Scottish writer at ringside with raised eyebrows and pursed lips. "You told us the kid was good," they said. "But he's better than that." The writer's accent broadened perceptibly as he proffered suitably modest responses. In the elevator that took them all down to the street after the Ali-Bonavena fight, a hard New York voice kept asking: "How about that lightweight? How about that? For boxing like that you gotta go back to Robinson."

When news of the extraordinary success reached Edinburgh a lot of people began to dredge their memories of Ken-

ny Buchanan. What many could not realize was that Buchanan, brooding in the shadowed interior of his own personality high above the Atlantic, was sorting out his memories of them. From his early boyhood he had harbored a deep sense of persecution, a resentful belief that the other children in his working-class district—and their parents, too—were determined to leave him in despised isolation. Now he saw his triumphs less as a key to popularity than as a bludgeon to put down those who had denied it to him in the past.

There is always tension when he is approached by neighbors from the old days, when the Buchanans lived in a prefabricated house built mainly of asbestos sheeting in a housing project out on the east side of Edinburgh. A man who lived across the road in Mountcastle Crescent at that time made a great show of ribbing Buchanan recently while he was making a personal appearance. "You've done quite well for yourself," the man said. "All those kicks on the arse I used to give you must have done some good after all."

Buchanan spun to face the voice. His eyes are dominated by large black pupils that leave only a minimal rim of blue-gray irises under fair, smudgy brows, and those round and widely spaced eyes stare over the irregular curve of his nose with an intensity that can be intimidating. "What did you say?" he asked. "You never kicked me. My dad would

never have let you. And now I wouldn't even let you talk about it."

Even while he spoke of the incident recently, in the lounge of the neat middle-class house he owns on a breezy suburban hill within sight of the huge, girdered silhouette of the Forth Bridge, Buchanan's voice choked and his eyes dampened with anger. He lay back on a leather chair opposite an aquarium which he has built into a wooden unit in the middle of the carefully furnished room, one of the last jobs he did with his carpenter's tools. He wore a sweater and slacks over a slim, straight body conditioned to permanent hardness and his stockinged feet were resting on a round glass coffee table. His wife Carol, an attractive brunette with the rosy complexion and firm figure to promote health foods, was preparing to entertain the stream of relatives who would pass through on the way to his evening training session. Outwardly they were as relaxed as the domestic group in a television commercial. But Buchanan was looking inward, to a childhood when he walked eerily alone through the Northfield housing project, a 9- or 10- or 12-year-old boy, exposed and dwarfed by the spaces the planner had laid out for his benefit, divining hostility in every footfall behind him, every face he saw ahead.

He speaks of that time jerkily, in the lilting tongue of the east of Scotland, which shares a glottal stop with the working-class speech of Glasgow but is less harsh and, even among city dwellers, faintly rustic. Words like "laddie" and "didnae" proliferate. "I could write a book about the years between 6 and 15," he said. "Maybe I would call it *The Chip on My Shoulder*. Carol is no' the only one who says I've got a chip. Maybe they're right, but I've got reason. The things that happened then, the things that were done tae me, they've left something inside me that will always be there. I didnae have a hard time in the same way as somebody like Rocky Graziano. But I came through it in another way. Nearly all the laddies of my age about oor place had older brothers, but there was only me and Alan, and he's three years younger. I had to fight my own battles. The boys room about didnae like me, and neither did their fathers. They were always on at me. I felt some kind of a misfit. I think they didnae like me because I could

continued

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staund up for masel'. My Auntie Joan had given me a pair of boxing gloves when I was 8½, and from the time I went tae the Sparta Club I was always being pushed intae fights. Boys would challenge me, but they were always a foot bigger and two stones heavier. I wouldnae back down, so I had to fight every ither day.

"When I think how many people looked down on me, degraded me, I cannae believe in forgive and forget. Once I was gaun hame with a bag o' fireworks and the big boys set about seven or eight of the boys my own size on to me, and they knocked me off my bike and gave me a kicking. I would be about 9 at the time, but I can remember the names of every one of those boys. Another time, a woman came and told my mother I had been wetting on her front doorstep, and when my mother asked when I had done it the woman said mid-day. I had been miles away in Broxburn with my mother all that day.

"Now all these people are breaking

their legs to get to talk to me, but I've no time for them. I remember how they made my life hell. I think of this in the ring. Sometimes I think I want to look down on them, but really all I want is that they should nae be able to come along and knock me out of the road. I've never had a real friend outside the family, certainly none of my own age, nobody I could rely on. In a fight I was always on my own."

In his professional fighting, too, there has lately been a tendency to consider himself alone, for he has grown steadily more remote from his manager, Eddie Thomas, a tough and gregarious Welsh miner who was never off his feet in a welterweight career that brought him the championships of Britain, the Empire and Europe and a victory over Billy Graham. Thomas had already made a name as a manager by taking a world featherweight title with Howard Winstone, a left-handed virtuoso from his home town of Merthyr Tydfil. Thomas took charge of Buchanan the moment the Scot stopped accumulating amateur honors and guided him to 33 straight victories as a pro, the longest winning sequence British boxing has seen in modern times. Buchanan, however, was considerably put out when the money he had counted on earning after his marriage did not materialize. He complained that Thomas, who has a running feud with the interests that control the big London productions, was confining his activities to the private clubs—such as the venerable

National Sporting Club at the Café Royal, where there is any amount of gill but precious little bread.

In July 1969 Buchanan handed his Lonsdale Belt back to the British Boxing Board of Control and said he would rather be a carpenter again than a British champion at the rate he was earning. This move was pleadingly opposed by his father, a short, small-boned man whose gray, combed-back hair and sharp features give a vulpine impression that is immediately canceled by the sentimental friendliness of his nature. When Tom Buchanan's wife died in October 1969 the event appeared to trivialize the troubles of his elder son. Ken returned to the ring only to lose for the first time, to Miguel Velazquez in Spain. The fight was held in Madrid, where a foreign boxer needs an opponent's death certificate to win a decision, but though most neutrals thought Buchanan had won, there is no doubt that he fought below form. "He had got used to the subdued atmosphere of the clubs and suddenly there were 14,000 Spaniards screaming at him," says his father. An even more telling disadvantage may have been the fact that Buchanan, no longer training in South Wales under Thomas' supervision, lost track of his weight and fought for the European lightweight title at 130 pounds.

Rather surprisingly after that setback, the world championship fight against Laguna was secured. Buchanan was given a fair shake, and he made full use of it.

continued



UNEASY PEACE exists between Buchanan, in Edinburgh home, and Manager Thomas, in his Welsh mining town of Merthyr Tydfil.



THE TOYOTA CORONA got along fine last year with 90 horsepower.

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FIGHTING CARPENTER *continued*

Yet even in this sweet moment there was something to nourish his assumption that the world takes pleasure in misusing him. The British board, whose policy is to side with the World Boxing Council rather than the World Boxing Association, refused to recognize him as champion. If the Board had been more reasonable, he would not have flown over the pole to Los Angeles in his kilt this week to seek final clarification of his title against Mando Ramos. Ramos is a banger, and Buchanan is taking a big risk for the \$100,000 he expects to collect.

He completed his preliminary work last month in the bullroom of a roadhouse a mile or two from his home, and he trained with obsessive, insular purpose. Watching from a row of wheelchairs—placed in front of tables crowded with customers drinking pints of brown beer—was a group of severely handicapped children from a nearby school in which Buchanan has taken a keen interest. He also works readily on behalf of old-age pensioners. But his charitable inclinations stop short of Eddie Thomas.

"I think a hell of a lot of Eddie in many ways," he said, then qualified the declaration with a string of criticisms that covered everything from Thomas' performance in the corner and his financial transactions to his addiction to falsetto singing. The amity between the two was unmistakably strained, like the comradeship in no-man's-land during a Christmas Day truce.

Mr. Tom Buchanan, newly arrived from his quiet job as an office assistant with the local dental service, hovered in that uneasy territory with the air of a man whose function was to catch grenades in mid-flight. "Of course, I go with Ken," he said. "He was definitely persecuted as a luddite, more than I realized at the time. Maybe he is a bit suspicious of people now. But the real point is that he and Eddie are two strong-headed characters, two of a kind. Whatever has happened, I think Ken will stay with Eddie and I think the title will stay with Ken."

"Kenny will win all right," said a young man at ringside, "because he's such a bloody terrible loser."

To state it another way, the lightweight championship of the world has lit a bright bonfire in Ken Buchanan's life. Mando Ramos will have to be busy to put it out.

END

What's the word
on Kent Menthol 100's?

"BREEZY!"

Refreshing taste.
Micronite®
Filter.



Guaranteed television reception on all sets.

How to pick the right color television

What to look for in any brand—and why, feature for feature, dollar for dollar, we believe Sears is your best buy.

How good is the color?

How easy is the set to tune?

These are the two main questions to ask about any color television set.

Nearly every new feature you hear about deals with one or the other. But the features are often described in technical language that few people understand.

Sears will explain, in simple language, what these features are all about. Once you know, picking the right set with the right features at the right price is easy.

Color and two Sears advantages.

Today, many brands can give you good natural flesh-tone color.

The difference is that some provide it at the expense of background colors. You'll get people that look like people—but the background colors will be off. Skies will be green. And grass will be blue. Not all the time. Just enough to be annoying.

At Sears, we solved this problem.

We use Automatic Tint Lock. It's new. And a first with Sears. It gives you people that look like people—together with good background colors.

They'll hold true even when you change channels.



On some color TV's people will look okay—but the background colors will be off.



Sears Automatic Tint Lock gives you natural flesh-tone color—together with good background color.

For viewers who are particularly fussy about color, Sears has an extraordinary feature called Chromix. It allows you to add delicate shades of color you can't get from most other sets.

Ordinarily, you can add only two shades: magenta (purplish red) and green. Chromix adds two more: blue and brown. Four instead of two. For a complete range of colors. Whether or not you use them is up to you, but they're there if you want them.

In addition, Sears sets also have:

KEYED AUTOMATIC GAIN CONTROL. Keeps picture constant under varying conditions. That is, so it doesn't shimmy when a plane flies over.

AUTOMATIC CHROMA CONTROL. Keeps colors from fluctuating when programs change, or you change channels.

AUTOMATIC COLOR PURIFIER. Gets rid of impurities in the color.

Not all brands have all these features. All Sears sets do.

Finally you should know that color quality varies from brand to brand. And not everyone agrees as to what is most pleasing. You may like the color of a particular set, but someone else may not.

The only way to decide if it's good or bad is to look at it. If the color pleases you, fine. If not, keep shopping.

Thousands of people who come into Sears never go any further. They like Sears color the moment they see it.

Automatic Fine Tuning and why Sears uses it.

Color television sets are becoming easier and easier to tune.

One reason is that an APC—automatic fine tuning control—is on most of the better sets.



Sears sets range from less than \$200 to \$300. There are just 8 sets from a huge selection at all Sears stores and in the catalog.

AFC gives you a clear picture automatically as soon as you turn your set on. Or flip channels.

Is it necessary? Many people think so.

Without it, you would have to fine tune your picture manually. And most people can't do it half as well as the AFC can.

The Sears automatic fine tuner is better than most because it can pick up signals that others miss.

Sears puts AFC not only on most consoles, but on many portables as well.

Ease of tuning, like color quality, varies from one set to the next. Some brands are more difficult to tune than others.

The only way to know if a particular model is easy to tune is to try tuning it yourself.

Wide screen picture, bright picture tube, bonded etched tube.

No doubt you'll be reading about the new *wide screen picture*. What is it?

With it you'll see the entire picture — just as the cameraman sees it. Up to now, part of the picture was cut off at the sides. Now you'll see everything.

Sears has the new wide screen picture on its new 25" (diagonal measure) color television.

The *bright picture tube* makes whites whiter, making the color picture brighter and clearer.

At Sears we use the best bright picture tube made. It gives you brightness without sacrificing contrast. In other words, without washing out the dark colors.

A *bonded etched tube* minimizes glare or reflection. You can turn on any light in your room and hardly get a reflection of that light on your TV screen.

The bonded etched tube costs more, so not all manufacturers use it. Sears has it in most of their sets.

How good are portables? At Sears, they're as good as consoles.

You'll get just as good color from a portable as you will from a console. Tuning, too, will be just as easy.

Electronically, consoles and portables are basically the same. It's just that everything's more compact in a portable.

Model for model, the only real difference

between a portable and a console, other than

cabinetry, is the size of the speaker.

Sears has a complete line of color portables. Including the new Sears Medalist II. A 19-inch (diagonal measure) color portable with



Sears new Medalist II. The color portable with Automatic Tint Lock.

Automatic Tint Lock, bonded etched tube and the new wide-screen picture.

As far as general characteristics go, Sears portables range in screen size from 11 in. (diagonal measure) to 19 in. Weigh anywhere from 38 lbs. to 70 lbs. And start under \$200.

Service and selection. You can't do better than Sears.

Be sure to ask about service before you buy any set.

Not all retailers service the sets they sell. Sears does.

And you can count on Sears service, whether you move across the street or across the country.

We even check out the very set we sell you before it reaches your home.

Everytime someone buys a color TV from one of our stores, it's inspected before it's delivered. To make sure everything is in perfect condition. Not all retailers do the same.

As far as selection goes, Sears is your best bet.

We've got everything from portables to table models to full-size consoles with the new 25-inch (diagonal measure) wide screen picture. It's the largest available.

What it all boils down to, is that Sears can give you all those things that everyone else makes such a fuss over. Plus features of our own that practically no one else can give you — at any price.

If you like, you can use one of our convenient Sears, Roebuck and Co. credit plans.

With baseball, golf and specials coming up, now is a perfect time to get a color TV. Come into Sears — and we'll help you pick just the right set.

Sears

We held a tea party in our Mercury Marquis to show you how smoothly it rides.



An actual demonstration: Mr. and Mrs. Dobney Coleman of Beverly Hills, Cal., helped demonstrate the remarkably smooth ride of the 1971 Mercury Marquis in a unique test. They agreed to have tea in the rear seat. Over cobblestones, tar strips and bricks, 83 miles and 11 cups of tea in all. At speeds up to 45 miles an hour. Cameras recorded the event for TV. Result: "We didn't spill a drop."



1. Take the best ride ideas from the world's finest cars. The Marquis has a ride only the world's great luxury cars can match. Coil springs and tires are computer selected. Extra sound insulation is used in 30 different areas to hush road, wind and other outside noises.

2. Add the most dramatic styling in the medium-price class. Every detail contributes to the dramatic look. The elegant, textured grille. The concealed headlamps. The bold contours of the power-dome hood. Fender skirts give the profile a clean unbroken sweep.

3. And you have a better medium-priced car. The Marquis Brougham (above) comes with a 429 cu. in. V-8, automatic transmission, vinyl roof, power steering, power windows and power front disc brakes. All standard. Mercury makes better cars to buy, rent or lease.

Better ideas make better cars.

MERCURY

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



• And here she is, tennis fan, Britain's own Sports Girl of the Year, **Granny Godgin**. "I never thought anyone would be in the running for a title like that at my time of life," observes Mrs. Ida Godgin, whose time of life is the early 70s. She is playing captain of her village club at Heston and is out there three times a week during the season—last year she celebrated her Golden Wedding anniversary with a warmup on the courts. "I'm not too hot at singles," Granny Godgin admits, "but there's life in the old girl yet."

Yes, indeed, and how about that sly glimpse of tennis pants, patty fash? Shades of **Gussie Moran**?

This week's **Casey Stengel Award** for Creative Use of the English Language (we think the language is English) goes to **Jack Kraft**. The Villanova basketball coach was asked whether his starting five could be considered the best he's ever had. "This is probably the best starting five that I have had as far as five guys are concerned," Kraft replied. "The thing I think they have to do to become a real good ball club, they have to play a little more team ball... every once in a while they go off on individual tandems."

While we're at it we may as well divide up the First International Individual Tandem Award and give it to **Howard Pieter**, **Chris Ford**, **Clarence Smith**, **Tom Ingeby** and **Hank Siemionowski**.

Britain's postal strike gave the *London Daily Mail* a chance to sponsor—what else?—The Great Mail Race. More than 30 contestants turned out to race from the Post Office Tower on Tottenham Court Road to the offices of the *Daily Mail*, all of them individual entries or representatives of firms offering private mail service. The

Mail offered no prizes for weird costumes, but there was **Alan Chapman**, wearing a diver's wet suit and driving a red Plymouth Barracuda. And **Wyham Greer**, in a blue Superman suit, on a motor bicycle. But the closest contender was **Tim Randall**, who entered four Rolls-Royce Silver Shadows, one \$26,400 Mercedes and a motorbike. He finished fifth in one of the Silver Shadows. And who won? Well, the guy riding Randall's motorbike, a **Mr. Fred Secker**. Mr. Secker is one of the striking postmen.

The Sour Grapes Award of the Week—possibly the Whole Month—goes to the writer of the following misadventure: **Major Thomas D'Alcasandro** of Baltimore.

"I hate your teams in baseball, football, basketball and hockey. You are a bunch of ungrateful and untalented snobs. I think you got a fever or some-

thing. Maybe it's all fixed. But I hate every single person in Baltimore. HATE YOU. A New Yorker."

♦ Look, it's baseball's **Tony Castiglione**, wrestling with **Victor the Bear**. Tony is in training for spring training and Victor, whose career was chronicled in *SI* (Feb. 23, 1970), is just doing his thing. Aren't they a handsome pair? Tony is the one on the left.

The parish took up a collection in Walsall, England and gave their **Rev. James Curtin** some money for Christmas, as always. And Father Curtin bet a bit of it on the football pools, as always. This time he won £100,000. Isn't that marvelously sinful? Not exactly. As Father Curtin says, "How can gambling be wrong when you win this much?"

When you lose \$192,000, that's how, as **Father Raimondo Salvaggio** could tell Father Curtin. While Father C. was winning in Walsall, Father S. was trying to win in Rome, where he courteously allowed another man to step ahead of him at the lottery counter. The man's 80¢ ticket—the one Father Salvaggio would have bought—was good for \$192,000. So much for good and evil. To say nothing of courtesy.

And then there is **Walter Flowers**, of Chicago, who was stopped by the cops for allegedly having improper license plates. Flowers, in a hurry to get to the track in time for the daily double, just took off. The lawmen chased him for eight miles and when they caught up they added to the license-plate charge some stuff about speeding, attempting to elude police and improperly changing lanes. In all the excitement Flowers missed the daily double, but



maybe it's all for the best. A man whose day is going like that should not be piling money on the horses.

When **Prince Michael** was named to Britain's bobbed team the *Daily Express* wrote, "Bachelor Prince Michael of Kent, 28, is back on the battlefield of sheer skill, danger, and fear which only a few years ago would have been out of bounds to a member of the Royal Family. Before the war, Prince Michael's father, the late **Duke of Kent**, his uncle, **King George VI**, the **Duke of Windsor**, and the **Duke of Gloucester**, were discouraged from participating even in low-speed races on horses at point-to-point."

So what happens? During the trials at Cervino, Italy, Prince Michael's sled goes over and he's dragged for about 600 yards, suffering shock, gashes, bruises and a hairline fracture of the jaw. Guess it's back to out of bounds for the old battlefield of sheer skill, danger and fear.



Red-hot new pistol in Rebel land

Shades of Pete Maravich. The South has the nation's top gunner again. He's Johnny Neumann of Ole Miss



JOHNNY AND SLICK STROLL ON CAMPUS

Carl John Neumann of Apartment 17, Patio Gardens, Oxford, Miss.—commonly referred to by Southern basketball fans as “Johnny Neumann, the new Pistol Pete Maravich” and by his public-relations agents as “Johnny Neumann, the sensational soph”—and his wife are at home this night, watching another television conversation between Johnny Carson and “Professor” Irwin Corey or Zsa Zsa Gabor or Red Buttons or a juggling seal. It doesn’t matter. The Neumanns—she is the former Carolyn DeViney of Treadwell High in Memphis—are being entertained.

“We watch one of these talk shows pretty every night,” says Carolyn.

“Carvett has better guests, but Carson, he’s funnier,” says Johnny. “Griffin is dumb. Carson doesn’t say much about his own ideas. He stays out of controversy. That’s good. Damn, Carolyn, they wear face stuff here. Look at the make-up they use on these shows. I got to get me some of that—for my zits.”

“Shoot, Johnny,” says Carolyn. “You don’t want no makeup.”

“Girls don’t need that stuff if they’re good lookin’,” says Johnny. “Shoot, they should be just fresh and clear in the face. That’s nice.”

“Johnny thinks I have an awful nose,” Carolyn says to their guest, who doesn’t think Carolyn’s nose is bad at all, who, in fact, is mumbling incoherently in the face of her liquid beauty. “But look, his nose is terrible. Look at it. He says I’m skinny. But I kid him back. We really get into it.”

Johnny Neumann’s skin condition—his zits, otherwise known as acne—is hardly noticeable anymore. It came as an adverse reaction to antibiotics taken to combat a case of flu Neumann suffered in early December. This development occurred six months after the Neumanns had surely become Oxford’s top choice to make *The New Year’s Game* on TV. It also came shortly after 20-year-old Johnny himself had become America’s newest rooster, tootin’ sweetheart of a gunner—and the leading scorer on campus.

In Neumann’s first two varsity games for the University of Mississippi he scored 41 and 51 points against a couple of defenseless victims, Northeast Louisiana and Arkansas A&M, and was two points ahead of Pete Maravich’s record pace as a sophomore. Then the flu struck Neumann, in the Reb-

els’ game against Texas he was weak and ineffective, scoring 29 points. Afterward Carolyn drove him to the hospital for observation.

“Yes,” Larry Laddell, a Mississippi PR man, said to Neumann at lunch recently. “I remember you were sick. That was our third game and they held you to 28.”

“Twenty-nine,” said Carolyn.

“Slick knows,” said Johnny, referring to Carolyn, who in turn sometimes calls her husband Johnny Cool.

Because of the Texas game, Neumann dropped behind in his race against the ghost of Maravich. He pulled even after 11 games but then dropped off again. He says, “I don’t think I’ll win the scoring championship. Austin Carr will beat me out. But he’s a senior, and I’ve got two more years.” However, Neumann is six points a game ahead of Carr and all other nonghosts this season. Following his first 16 games, he had scored 687 total points (36 behind Maravich at a similar stage), was averaging 42.9 a game and was shooting 46%, some .038 percentage points better than The Pistol. Last Saturday night, playing in Pete’s old front yard at LSU, Neumann set a school scoring record with 63 points as Mississippi upset the Tigers 113-90.

Though Ole Miss won its first six games and Neumann had probably his best early performance (39 points) against Auburn, it was a two-game series in the Palmetto Invitational at Charleston, S.C. that was most indicative of the kind of zany yet invigorating season that is happening to Mississippi basketball and its new star. In the first game of the tournament against Baylor, Neumann scored 60 points, his team scored 113—and Mississippi lost by 19. In a consolation match against The Citadel, Neumann made 28, the team 90—and the Rebels again lost by 19. “I believe he run down in that one,” says Neumann’s coach, Robert (Cob) Jarvis, whose speech is sometimes indistinguishable from that of a man losing a pie-eating contest. “The ole boy was tired. Gosh. Sometimes I just set and wonder.”

The Neumanns’ efficiency apartment in Patio Gardens is part of a recently converted motel that comes not only with patio and gardens but with color TV and gravel driveway. Just off Highway 6 leading into Oxford, hard by a trailer court and a few footsteps away from

the Rebel Drive-In movie, their place is highlighted by a back area that is combination kitchen, bedroom, study and, when the occasion arises, theater seat. Recently, for instance, if the Neumanns felt the urge to look out their back window or their front door, they could have watched *The Exotic Ones* for free.

Decorating the living-room wall, framed and mounted on the same piece of burlap, are a few of the Neumanns' favorite things: a figure of the Ole Miss Rebel, the words "University of Mississippi" and a magazine cutout color replica of a Firebird Trans-Am 70 automobile. Johnny went, as he says, "hot on cars" during the last year, and when Slick's father bought them a Firebird (he is still paying off the notes on it), they both were so overjoyed they hung a picture of it up there fast. Their own model is white with metallic-blue interior and blue racing stripes up the hood and down the trunk. It is also in the shop after being all but destroyed when Johnny's younger brother Bill "put it through a telephone pole." That was an occasion to match the somberness of the time last summer when the Neumanns' dog Oscar lunched on a bottle of Slick's pills and wobbled away from home, never to return.

"It would have died anyway, after we pumped the stomach," says Slick, who now has a new toy collie, Swish, to keep her company while Johnny is on the road. "I wanted to call it Net," he says, "but she decided on Swish. Get it? Swish—the ball goes swish when I shoot."

"How about that for an ego trip?" says Slick.

"Shut up," says Johnny. "Darin, Carolyn, Swish is gonna do something when in front of an interviewer. Dog, get out!"

It has come as no surprise, really, that young Johnny Neumann has picked up the pistols of the departed Maravich. A close follower of the former LSU star while in high school, Neumann came to Oxford with rings on his ankles and bells on his toes, or, more appropriately, with white hands on his wrists and a fine appreciation of the showboating opportunities available in the game. The son of a traveling salesman who relentlessly pushed him and his older brother, Bob, to a pursuit of excellence in the sport, Neumann remembers growing up in Ohio a block away from the Cincinnati



NEUMANN, WHO SOMETIMES FINDS HIS STUDIES AMUSING, GETS A LAUGH IN CLASS

Gardens and getting tickets to all the Royals' games "down front—so we could yell at them." Bob Neumann, eight years older, taught Johnny most of what he does now on the court; after he went away to school at Memphis State, Bob gave Johnny his scrapbooks with pictures of Oscar Robertson and Jerry West, Neumann's idols, and instructions on what to watch for in the book.

Under a picture of Robertson hooking, for example, Bob wrote, "Watch his left hand, how it wards off defenders, protects his body and the ball."

Under West on the jumper, "Watch the arms, the form. This is perfect."

After a while R. H. Neumann packed up and moved his family to Memphis so they could see Bob play, but after a fine sophomore season in which he led his team to the NCAA regionals, Bob's future career in the sport was dashed by injuries and personal problems, and attention was turned to John. As the younger Neumann grew (to his present 6' 6½"), his scoring average soared at Overton High School. He became the dominant player in the state, averaging 35.4 points a game during his last season before a broken hand felled him and wrecked his team's chances in the state tournament.

Despite the injury, college coaches came flocking. John Wooden visited his home and Adolph Rupp did the same, but Neumann's parents wanted him to stay near Memphis, and the boy wanted

to be a star and to build up a program all by himself. At the time Memphis State played a slow game, so Johnny chose Mississippi, 90 miles down the highway at Oxford hut, with only one winning basketball season in the past 10, seemingly light years away from the big time.

"I knew it was all football here," Neumann says today, "but I talked with Coach Jarvis and Archie Manning, and they said the people in Oxford wanted a good basketball team, finally. The Ole Miss cheerleaders even drove up to one of my high school games and said hello. Everyone seemed interested. They love their athletes at Ole Miss. That's all anybody has to do in this town is go to sporting events and make heroes out of their athletes. I took all the football interest as a challenge."

Former Ole Miss football coach Johnny Vaught, a legendary figure in the state, gave up "a hunting expedition" to drive up to Memphis for Neumann's signing in a show of solidarity among members of the athletic department.

It was not an easy first year. Neumann's reputation as something of an eccentric having preceded him to Oxford. Along the way to averaging 38.4 points a game for the freshmen, Neumann had several run-ins, including one with an Auburn coach who suggested Mississippi was a one-man team. Johnny proceeded to make seven straight shots around the perimeter and called out to the coach, "Is that good enough?"

continued



A BETTER INSIDE SHOT THAN MARAVICH, NEUMANN SOARS OVER MISSISSIPPI STATE

After the game he told the coach, "We may be a one-man team, but I can beat all five of yours by myself."

Off the court Neumann's behavior fit inconsistent patterns. In one stretch, he missed classes. He refused to study. He dated every night, staying out until all hours of the morning and frequently driving home to Memphis at the slightest whim. Finally, he skipped basketball practice and was suspended for a game. He went home again and said this time it was "for good." No one was surprised.

The trouble stemmed, it seems, from a high school girl friend of long standing who came to college with Neumann from Memphis. When both started dating others, Johnny couldn't handle it. Eventually, the emotional problem was alleviated, and Vaughn and Jarvis brought their expatriate back to Oxford to live happily ever after at the top of the national scoring standings.

Johnny's marriage to Slick was an event of some spontaneity. Returning to Memphis last summer, he asked his younger brother, Bill, who "the sharpest chick in town" was. There followed considerable confusion over who was dating the "chick." Bill or Johnny Neumann, who, the young lady confessed, she didn't know from Johnny Aporose. After that point was straightened out, Johnny dated her for two weeks and found love.

They eloped. "We told my parents we were goin' to Oxford for an interview," says Slick.

"Yeah, George and Geri [Slick's parents] didn't know what was comm' off," says Neumann. "We left at 8:30 in the morning and drove through Alabama all day."

Finally, they were married in Russellville, Ala. at 9 p.m., and since Slick was only 17 and they wanted to keep the big event a secret, the couple hurried—or as Johnny puts it, "scratched off"—home. Slick's father wouldn't let Neumann in the door, so they waited three days and then approached her mother. "We have something to tell you," they said.

"You're on dope," her mother said.

"We're married," they said.

"Sure," her mother said, and continued winding her alarm clock.

It was only later that Mrs. DeViney went into her crying jag and that Mr. DeViney realized what had happened. "What a damn fool thing to do," Mrs. DeViney says today. "I like to stomp them both, still."

"I'd as like to whip up on them myself," says Mr. DeViney. "I was so sick of hearin' the name Neumann when the kid was in high school. . . . Aw, but I could have done worse. He doesn't smoke or drink or take dope. She could have married a truck driver."

The DeVineys, who drive down to all of Mississippi's home games and appear to have established a unique relationship with the young Neumanns, often regale the youngsters with tales of their classmate at Humes High School, Elvis Presley. "The King wore cranberry shirts to school every day and didn't have any friends," says Geri DeViney. "He'd sit out in the hall at lunch and pick that guitar in a corner. Everybody would laugh at him and, sure enough, he used to say, 'Go 'head. Go 'head and laugh, y'all.' We're sorry now. Dang. The one and only."

"I used to be a boxer," said Mr. DeViney.

"Sure, George," said Neumann, turning to their guest. "Look at his face. Can't you tell? That's a quote. Quote me."

"Least I have an excuse," said Mr. DeViney. "What happened to you, punk?"

The parallels that keep cropping up between the careers of Maravich and Neumann—the basketball family; the big Southern football school that found itself with a basketball phenomenon—defy all logic. However, their personalities, which are characterized by a gregarious, showy, outspoken way of doing things and a happy-go-lucky, barely tolerable attitude of cockiness, are more alike than their styles of play. Maravich, of course, was—and is now for the Atlanta Hawks—a guard who brought the ball up the floor, directed the flow of play and did most of his shooting from outside. Above all, he was the quintessential showman, a passer of unmatched splendor who would rather thread the ball through an opponent's uniform and get a laugh than get loose for a breakaway and score a basket. Neumann, on the other hand, is a forward who sets up on the wing in the Mississippi offense and uses his considerable feinting skills away from the ball for much of his success. Being an inch and a half taller than Maravich and somewhat stronger, he is able to muscle underneath for shots that Maravich was not able to get off. Conversely, Neumann is not as quick as Maravich, does not seem to jump as well nor to have as good a nose for rebounds. And Neumann is nowhere near The Pistol as a child of show business or as a crowd-arouser. Still, SEC coaches consider him a better shooter, better without the ball

and, therefore, more dangerous to defend against.

"I give Neumann the edge over Maravich because of his superiority inside," says Tennessee's Ray Mears. "Give him the ball eight feet from the basket, and it's two points. He seems to think better for a sophomore than Pete did. In our game [in which Neumann got 26 points, his low for the season] Neumann didn't force shots against our overloaded defense the way Pete did in his first two seasons at LSU. Neumann passed off when he didn't have the shot."

Adolph Rupp says that "Neumann is as good now as Pete was as a senior," and Vanderbilt's Roy Skinner says he is the "best all-round player" he has seen in a long time. Nonetheless, these judgments are necessarily suspect: it is hardly a secret that at the conclusion of Maravich's college career little love was lost between The Pistol and opposing coaches and players, due to some of the things he had done to embarrass them. The resentment seems implicit in a statement from Vanderbilt Forward Thorpe Weber: "Neumann is a far better player than Pete Maravich ever was. He's unselfish and a gentleman on the court."

Neumann himself, though weary of the comparisons, credits them with making him well known. Naturally, too, gun-slingers stack together. "I'm complimented when they talk about me with Pete," Neumann says. "It's brought me my fame. People got down on him for shooting so much, but he worked his butt off to get those shots. When I met him last year he told me one thing I was neglecting. When I put the ball between my legs, I wasn't exploding on the move. He said to explode."

"Pete had the quickest first step I've ever seen. A tremendous move—one step and then up for the shot. My step is longer, which makes us even since I can hook a man with my arm off it. People say I get open better than he did, but Pete never had to get open. He always had the ball. Shoot, he was good enough to do all of it, anything, when he wanted to. Any good athlete can even play defense if he wants to."

Indeed, Neumann is probably more relaxed on defense than Maravich was as a sophomore, a feat previously believed humanly impossible. He plays what is known as the matador defense—waving as the man goes by—and is always quick

to hang around at the top of the circle for the fast break.

"I figured I'd average about 35 points this year, but it's worked out better," says Neumann. "My teammates deserve the credit. They're feeding me. They go along with whatever I want. Shoot. I think they'd be content if I won the scoring title and we finished at .500. But I told them I'd rather win games."

To win this season, Neumann has with him sophomore Guards Danny Gunn and Dave Rhodes, who have helped Ole Miss scare a few big people, notably Kentucky (when the Rebels came from a 24-point second half deficit into the lead). Next season when T' Fred Cox and Mississippi's first ball player, Coolidge (Kool Aid) Ball, join the varsity the Rebels may find themselves in contention for the SEC championship.

"Pete's got his socks. I've got my tooth," Johnny Cool is saying, pointing to the left side of his mouth where one of his upper teeth sticks out, shining like silver. It is silver. In the sixth grade Neumann took an elbow shot to the mouth, and a cap, the full length of his tooth, resulted.

"My wife thinks it's cute, but it's coming out," says Neumann. "I can't chase skirts with this silver thing in here."

"What?" says Slick. "Oh, no. You're leavin' it in. It's cool. What did you do before we were married anyway?"

"I stuck it under my lip," says Neumann. "You're just like all women—kind and lovable before they get married. Now look. She's gained 20 pounds and in the wrong places."

"Before, he says to put on weight," says Slick. "Now he says I look like I'm 40 years old. What is this?"

"Well, you do," says Cool. "It's pitiful. You were a pitiful cook, too, before you learned how. She likes Raquel Welch because her father told her she looked like Raquel. She really looks like Nancy Sinatra in her white boots. When I sign pro, I'm using my bonus money to get her a pink Corvette, because mostly she looks like a Playboy bunny."

Apart from Slick and his Firebird Trans-Am 70, Neumann prizes his wardrobe. It once featured over 50 pairs of slacks and it now has many and various forms of shoes, including red-white-and-blue Corlams, brown knee boots ("Just like Joe Namath's"), soft white suedes, brown and black Italian square-

toe wing tips, black-and-gray button-up spatulike jobs, and—his favorites—imitation alligator-skin boots, their sides upholstered in wide black-and-blue diamond designs.

"Groovy," says Slick.

"Unbelievable," says Johnny Cool. "I used to go out and buy two pairs of slacks and a shirt any day I felt like it. Now that I'm married I can't do that. I have to get an education. We joke about me not studying, but in my Marriage and the Family course we worked three weeks for a term paper on venereal disease."

Besides Marriage and the Family, other courses in his physical-education program are Neumann's study schedule: School and Community, Algebra, Tennis and a combined course in Golf and Archery. Archery? "I dig Archery," Neumann says. "I got an A in there. That's because we had a good teacher. A good-looking hunk of blonde. Was she tough. She said to call her Joan. Man, she could really shoot the bow."

"Hey, Slick, could she shoot it?" says Johnny Cool.

"Shut up," says Slick.

THE WEEK

by HAROLD PETERSON

MIDWEST There was unbeaten Marquette murdering outranked Northern Michigan with a 33-point lead at the start of the second half—and the lights began to flicker. God, Coach Al McGuire said to himself with more spirit than spirituality, don't make us forfeit when we're leading by 33 points. Pick a game that isn't so easy. His prayer seemed to do McGuire no harm: the lights stayed on and the Warriors breezed 106-57. The next sacrificial victim was Loyola, victor over Marquette in five of their last six games at Chicago Stadium. The Chicagoans got an 87-52 despite the box-and-one defense they uncared for Dean Meminger. While he camped on the baseline, teammates did the damage.

Dave Robisch scored 25 points to take over from Wilt Chamberlain as the second leading scorer in Kansas history (Clyde Lovellette is first), and the Jayhawks ran up the highest total ever scored against Iowa State at home, 95-72. Meanwhile, Oklahoma ousted Missouri from a league-lead tie, 92-63, as Scott Martin, just notified he was a

continued

straight-A scholar last semester, led the Sooners with 21 points.

Illness had a fearsome weekend, playing USC and Notre Dame back-to-back. Ranked 18th going in against USC, the Illini had their worst shooting percentage of the year (35%) yet trailed by only four points with 6:20 left. Then they embarrassed Coach Dave Schmidt by losing 81-68. Normally mild-mannered, Schmidt damned USC with faint praise: "Southern Cal is as good as Villanova," he said. Illinois redeemed its fortunes handsomely the next night by beating Notre Dame 69-66 in overtime. Using a rare zone, a 3-2 that stopped Albin Carr, the Illini cut a five-point Irish lead with six minutes remaining down to a 61-61 tie with 3:05 to go. The tie held to the end, and then Greg Jackson's two free throws with 28 seconds left in overtime clinched the game.

In the same doubleheader Loyola, which had lost to UCLA the Friday before, completed its round-robin feat of losing to the country's three top teams in eight days by falling to USC 97-73.

Purdue made 26 errors and shot only 49%, but the Boilermakers still hammered together a 79-74 victory over Marshall. F Troop—Bob Ford, William Franklin and George Faerber—shot down the Thundering Herd with 56 points between them. Michigan swamped Minnesota 97-79 as Henry Wilmore, the only Wolverine sophomore to score 40 points in a game, hit for 31 points.

Ohio State managed to lose to Michigan State 82-70 when the Spartans had their green uniforms stolen and resorted to borrowing OSU's scarlet road uniforms. "Maybe they thought it was just an intrasquad game," said a jubilant Gus Ganakas.

Drake humbled Memphis State 93-70 and moved into first place in the Missouri Valley as Louisville beat Bradley 86-75.

1. MARQUETTE (10-0) 2. KANSAS (14-1)

WEST UC at Santa Barbara of the Little Pacific Coast Athletic Association gave UCLA a hard time a week after Notre Dame and a week before USC. "Curtis Rowe played a fine game," said John Wooden after UCLA's 74-61 win. "About the only such game." Sidney Wicks slumped again, shooting 9 for 20 from the floor, 1 for 3 from the line and gathering only eight rebounds. "It's hard to assess a team that hasn't played a lot of road games," said Ralph Barkley, the Gatocho coach, "but I think the backcourt play is really hurting them. And UCLA seems too accustomed to winning; not as inspirational." Barkley, like others, is beginning to think that the departed, unpublished John Valky was more important to the Bruins than anybody realized.

Long Island University, loser to Wash-

ington 98-75, went next to Logan, Utah where as man-to-man defense following an average of 61.3 points a game) almost lulled to sleep a Utah State team playing its third game in five days. When the Aggies finally woke up, they outscored the Blackbirds 16-1 in 3½ minutes and won 82-74. But the dol-dramas were worse Saturday, and State bombed at Air Force 76-72.

It was a rare day in Oregon's Willamette Valley, spring in January as the sun dispelled the winter rains. It was a rare night, too—Denver upset Oregon 93-83. But the home crowd got to stand in tribute to Stan Love, who became the highest Dick scorer ever with 1,336 points. Sadly, the crowd stood in silent tribute earlier in the night paying unprecedented respect to a cross-state rival, Mike Keck of Oregon State, who had died earlier in the day in an automobile crash. A teammate, Larry Webber, received a knee injury that will end his season.

1. USO (10-0) 2. UOLA (15-1)

SOUTH South Alabama and Florida State were no match for Jacksonville, so big Artis Gilmore continued his recent pattern of easing off shooting in favor of rebounding, leaving the center stage to 7' Pembroke Burrows III. Burrows, surely one of the world's tallest high school clarinet players before a basketball coach changed his mind about his future, scored 14 points as Jacksonville beat South Alabama 91-76 and 16 in the Dolphins' 83-65 win over Florida State. Gilmore grabbed 28 rebounds against South Alabama.

Tennessee, with Captain Jimmy England scoring 29 points, vented its wrath on Auburn 90-68 after losing to LSU at Baton Rouge, 80-70. Auburn's fine guard, John Mengelt, who had 26 himself, said, "England belongs in a class with Kentucky's Mike Casey and Mississippi's Johnny Neumann. He has tremendous moves."

Kentucky, back in form but without Casey, who sprained his ankle in Monday's 86-73 win over Alabama, blasted Vanderbilt 102-92 in an important SEC show-down. Against the Commodores, the Wildcats played most of the second half with only two starters as Tom Payne and Larry Steele sat down with four fouls apiece. But sophomores Jim Andrews and Larry Stamper filled in well and two old Kentuckians came back strong. Jim Dinwiddie, a regular last year but a nonstarter this season, replaced Casey admirably. Tom Parker, a disappointment after being named SEC sophomore of the year, went wild with 30 points.

Fifteenth-ranked Virginia, a stranger in paradise, suffered cavalier treatment from Clemson (45-44) and South Carolina (92-70). The unprecedented tension of national standing, aggravated by Clemson's slow-down win, so upset Forward Mike Wilkes

that he was sent home by ambulance, but South Carolina's prevailing defense overwhelmed the Virginians. The Gamecocks, who had had 19 days to scotch and practice after two slow-down losses of their own, forced 11 early turnovers, led by 15 points at halftime and shot 65% at the second half.

"You learn what kind of team you have in this league when you go on the road," Maryland Coach Lefty Driesell said before venturing to Chapel Hill. What he said afterward is not recorded. North Carolina busted the Terrapins' zone with 15-footers, stopped their attack with a man-to-man press and tore off to a 25-5 lead while making 64.6% of its shots. The Tar Heels' 105-79 win put them back in the ACC lead.

Rich Yankus of Georgia Tech, who comes from Benton, Ill., just 30 miles from Carbondale, came home to play Southern Illinois and got a deserter's welcome. The Salukis held the 6' 9" scoring star to 14 points and routed favored Tech 80-69.

Western Kentucky and Murray State both tackled Austin Peay and survived, 117-72 and 90-76. Middle Tennessee did harass Western, however, before submitting 80-66.

1. JACKSONVILLE (14-2) 2. N.C. (12-3)

EAST "If it was a zone, I wanted Corky to stick it," said Coach Dick Harter after Penn's scare of the season. "But I didn't want him to stick it from that far out." Penn was losing to Princeton 60-58 with the last digit about to turn to a zero on the clock. Corky Calhoun, the 6' 7½" Quaker forward, who has shown a modest reluctance to shoot, was still 25 feet out. Calhoun did not think very much of his shot, but he took it anyway. *Swish, hezzzzz* and reprieve. Penn dominated the overtime and won its 33rd consecutive regular-season victory 66-62. "All their shots were contested, all their passes were contested, but we still couldn't win," said Pete Carril, Princeton's discouraged coach. He thought a second, "Nature is indifferent to the plight of man," he said.

After consecutive scoring outbursts of 45, 40 and 40 points, Ken Durren satisfied himself with 22 as La Salle romped over Drexel 81-63. Bobby Fields got 24. The Explorers also beat Hofstra 79-62 as Durrett settled for 27 points and Fields scored 29.

Duquesne, now 12-2, pulverized De Paul 90-74 and edged Creighton 72-69. Villanova had to struggle to defeat Seton Hall 72-52.

Fordham's pressure defense beat Massachusetts 87-79 as the East's two surprise teams met at Amherst under a leaky roof. Each team was coming off its first loss and Massachusetts' Julius Erving and Fordham's Charlie Yelverton scored 30 points apiece.

1. PENN (10-0) 2. LA SALLE (14-1)

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The greatest name in socks.



A big, bright vaarroom for a large, fast buck

New Yorkers rushed in where Hell's Angels would have jeered to tread as antiseptic indoor motorcycle racing played to an SRO audience in Manhattan. The best thing about it may have been the shrewd radio come-on

New York was captivated. In East Side high-rises women stopped mincing shallots and looked up from their Julia Child cookbooks. Morning shavers paused mid-foam to listen. FM buffs heard it sandwiched between Mozart and Beethoven. The advertisement for last week's Yamaha Silver Cup motorcycle race vaarroomed and whined over the city's airwaves, a thunder of bikes and a voice promising "men fused with machines, sliding, shifting, moving up through the hungry pack." It was irresistible. By post time on Monday night a crowd of 17,250 filled Madison Square Garden to capacity, and out in the lobby people waved \$20 bills overhead in their eagerness to get seats.

The town had a new sport—at least for a night—and professional motorcycling may have, too. Indoor races have only recently begun to catch on, and if sponsors like Yamaha find them commercially rewarding, a winter pro circuit might develop.

What the bike manufacturers are seeking to do at these indoor competitions—and they admit it frankly—is to change the Hell's Angel image of the motorcycle

rider and sell the sport, and their machines, to the middle class. In the West motorcycles are increasingly popular; 1,800 riders showed up not long ago for one cross-desert run to Las Vegas. But elsewhere the social stigma remains.

As step one in *The Making of A Cyclist*, Eastern Establishment Division, Yamaha sanitized and antiseptically packaged its night of racing for a special New York audience—people who like the idea of vaarroom but not necessarily the scene itself, the kind who thrill to Marlon Brando riding a smoking big chopper in the air-conditioned Museum of Modern Art movie theater.

Squadrons of publicity men swooped down with *kamikaze* enthusiasm on the town's newspapers and magazines. And the heady radio commercial revved up the ticket buyers. "We felt the natural sounds of a race weren't sophisticated enough for New Yorkers," said copywriter Bob Briggs, "so we decided on an almost God-like Orson Welles end-of-the-world thing."

The Silver Cup was to have a cast of hard-driving hundreds, but since an end-of-the-world thing might need even

more, the sponsors came up with a woman competitor—shapely Sammie Dunn, as a pitchman might have put it. Shapely Sammie is the only woman to have scaled California's 2,500-foot Matterhorn on a motorcycle. Yamaha needed a superstar overnight, so the company entered Sammie in a race against 15 men at Long Beach, Calif. in December. "I began passing them," says Sammie, "and when the three top guys dropped back I knew it was a setup. Of course I won." Sammie appeared for the Silver Cup but suddenly was ruled off the track because the American Motorcycle Association, which sanctioned the event, forbids women to compete in its meets.

The AMA must be considered something of a wet blanket, at least by Yamaha's promotion men. Their press releases had promised intense and brutal conflict, growling, snapping engines, hot-shoed youngsters, jolting spins and tumbles. It sounded risky enough. But when an AMA official was asked about the danger, he said, "A man might break a finger if he fell on it wrong." His assessment seems correct. The motorcycles that are used indoors are not *continued*



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We have such confidence in 100% solid state AccuColor,

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large (they weigh 200 pounds and have 250 cubic centimeters displacement) and on a short track like the one at Madison Square Garden, which measured a sixth of a mile, speeds are limited to about 35 mph by the flat, sharp turns. But it takes considerable skill to operate the cycles for one thing, they have no brakes.

Some precautionary measures were taken at the Garden, more for the spectators than the riders. Mufflers were required on the bikes to reduce the roar. Even so it reached 108 decibels, a couple this side of deafness, and the exhaust system of the building was kept going full throttle to sweep out the oil and gas fumes.

Time trials were held before the crowd arrived in order to reduce the field to 80. The cement floor became grooved with tire marks as the bikers slammed into the turns, left feet sliding along the track to keep balance. The floor was slick, and treads were being doctored with all kinds of magic formulas in the hope of improving traction. One man was using his wife's Aqua Net hair spray.

For the most part, motorcycling's pro drivers are tacticians who live without a trace of flamboyance. There is not enough money around to flash. They cover enormous distances—100,000 miles from April to October—to compete for \$200 and \$300 checks. Even a major event like the Yamaha Silver Cup pays out pretty paltry sums. The winner's prize was \$2,740 and a camping outfit. A top pro does well to earn \$25,000 a year. But the difficulties of the life were hidden in the dazzle of lights and stream of color at the Garden. Spots played on the drivers in their gaudy dress leather—orange, purple, gold, pink, scarlet, lime. Hearts, shamrocks and stars decorated sleeves.

The fastest qualifiers earned the pole positions in the eight heat races that began the evening card. These heats were followed by semifinals, consolation races, demonstration races, pickup races and finally—fanfare, please—the climactic dash for the Yamaha Silver Cup, a three-foot addition to the ranks of sporting memorabilia. By now it was midnight but nobody seemed to mind. For the crowd had long since realized it was being taken for a ride. It clapped enthusiastically for Yamaha on the prop-cues, for itself when informed the



NERVY "INSTANT VILLAIN" BARRY BRIGGS OF BRITAIN FALLS ON HIS UNION JACK

race was a sellout and for the promoter, who decided to celebrate his birthday, right down front with a two-foot cake and a telegram of congratulations from his Mum and Dad.

As novice appreciators of indoor motorcycle racing, the fans needed a hero or villain—either would do. He turned out to be a villain and emerged in the second heat, an Englishman named Barry Briggs. It was easy to pick him out of the crowd of racers since he had a sizable Union Jack stitched to his chest. As the field lined up for the start, Briggs cockily tried to beat the flag. The starter bawled him to the penalty line, six cycle lengths to the rear. The crowd cheered approvingly. Not a bit chastised, Briggs blitzed his way into the field when the flag fell. He caromed through on the inside and scrambled into third place before someone put a wheel into him and flapped him off his bike—an emphatic and familiar strategy in the sport. The crowd was on its feet roaring its fond approval. If there is an accident on the first lap, the starter signals a recall. The cyclists lined up in the same order, and on his second attempt Briggs tried the same headlong dash, but this time he came a cropper on the second turn. The third time Briggs succeeded in going several laps without getting bumped off, but in his frantic effort to catch up his motorcycle went out of control and pitched over in a shower of sparks. So the instant villain/hero had

been eliminated. As a Yamaha publicity man put it later: "Something should have been arranged." Thereafter the crowd adopted as its favorites the drivers who baited the starter, but none could quite match Briggs' cheeky performance.

The final, over 20 laps, was something of an anticlimax. The shenanigans were limited, and the driver in the pole position—one Allen Kenyon—was able to spring away from the field. Since machines do not tire like racehorses, the pacesetter is usually the winner. There seldom is a breakdown in these abbreviated indoor events. So, having gotten the lead, Kenyon just went round and round until the checkered flag was waved. He is a chubby, fair young man from Cupertino, Calif. who had been noticeable all evening because of his sartorial nonsequitur. He had recently split his only set of leathers, and showed up for the Silver Cup competition in a red nylon windbreaker with his number crudely painted on the back. AMA officials shook their heads disapprovingly but allowed him to start. On hand to greet the 20-year-old winner and bestow both the trophy and ceremonial kisses was 48-year-old Carol Channing. It was a long bestowing: Yamaha wanting to be sure ample photographs were taken, and at the end Kenyon was marked with great welts of lipstick. He was last seen, the uneasy rider, hastening off with his bike, a Bullito from Spain.

And the house lights dimmed. **END**



WIMPY LASSITER EYES A LONG SHOT

POOL / James Morgan

Wimpy tackles an ex-tiger

And finds the claws still sharp as Champagne Eddie Kelly disappoints a host of country folks by beating their perennial hero, Luther Lassiter

"See these?" T-Shirt opened his mouth and displayed two rows of teeth. "I just got these last week and they sure do feel strange. I want to tell you, when you haven't had any teeth for nine months and then all of a sudden you've got a bunch of them it really doesn't feel natural."

"How's that?" someone asked.

"Well, it's kind of like trying to eat with an ice cube in your mouth."

T-Shirt, like most of the people who crowded into the suburban poolroom, was there because some other country boys who were big stuff in the closed world of competition pool were getting together for the U.S. Invitational One-Pocket and Nine-Ball Tournament, and the finals were tonight.

Bill Staton, whom everyone calls Weenie Beanie, looked the slickest of all at Jack and Jill's. In fact his buckle-over shoes, his ring with nine diamonds in the shape of a nine-ball rack and his custom-tailored sport coat gave him a slick, city-pool-hustler look. Even the way he shook hands—with his left because he'd hurt his shooting hand—was not exactly a down-home greeting. Yet Weenie Beanie was from the country.

"I grew up in North Carolina," he said, "and I never believed that anyone would ever come up to me and tell me a lie to my face. Of course, after I lost money to every hustler who dragged through town I learned different."

The only person around who was possibly slicker and as sharply dressed was Charlie DeValiere. He wore the new fashion rage, a blue blazer suit with a silk polka-dot handkerchief in the front pocket. He had been a top executive with a big insurance company, but after doing well in the World's All-Around Tournament in Johnston City, Ill. one year he gave it all up, and now he owned half of Jack and Jill's. Surely this ex-insurance executive was a city boy,

Not quite. West Virginia. Coal country.

Luther Lassiter, seven times world champion of pocket billiards, was here, of course, lounging against one of the shun glass display cases. He was waiting for the finals to get under way, for the not-surprising reason that he was in them. Wimpy Lassiter, who has been in the finals of almost every pool tournament worth mentioning in the last 10 years, was dressed just as he always dresses: loosened black necktie with silver crescents, a dark suit with slightly baggy pants with cuffs. His arms were folded around his cue, while he talked slowly and tilted his head from side to side and smiled every now and then. Just now a spectator was talking to him but Wimpy was watching something else. He was watching U.S. Keds.

U.S. Keds is a kid, just turned 15, who haunts Jack and Jill's and plays with his \$150 Balabushka pool cue and is always a threat to run out any nine-ball rack. At times he has run several racks in a row. In Jack and Jill pool parlance he plays "jam-up" and knows how to "draw his rock," which means, quite simply, that he is very, very good. Luther Lassiter watched Keds narrowly and probably had an idea about how good the kid might get someday, but he wasn't saying. Lassiter is a tough man with information.

Champagne Eddie Kelly, Wimpy's competition in the finals, came in and began warming up. He had won the one-pocket division of the tournament, and Luther Lassiter had won the nine-ball division. Kelly, supposedly the best all-round pool player in the country, was heavily favored to win the first three games, all one-pocket, and then they would play nine-ball until one of them won 14 games altogether. The question was, could Lassiter spot Kelly those first three games of one-pocket?

Pumpkin thought Lassiter could win.

The Jack and Jill Cue Club in Arlington, Va. is a model—that is to say, modern—poolroom. A soft golden carpet covers the floor and Muzak is piped in continuously. There are 30 tables, with plenty of room in between and lots of stools to sit on. There is a long display case with pool cues for sale that range in price from just under \$20 to more than \$150. There is a grill, where you can order anything from a Pepsi and Oreos to a platter of ham and eggs. Since the doors opened at Jack and Jill's three years ago they have never closed. There is no hard poolroom talk here. Nice girls—government secretaries and others—get attached to the place and turn up at 2 or 3 in the morning to practice their rotation and eight ball. They know that no one is going to bother them at Jack and Jill's.

The other day a former pool hustler named T-Shirt Steve was standing around the counter, and you could tell by his outfit that something was brewing even if you couldn't tell by the couple of hundred characters also hanging around. Instead of his usual attire—a T shirt with a pack of cigarettes rolled up in one sleeve—T-Shirt was duded up in a blue coat with gold buttons and a soft pink sweater underneath.

"I used to love to watch Kelly play when he was around here," said Pumpkin, a computer-programmer job refugee since last April. "He was such a tiger. Even when he got behind he wouldn't quit. He'd just really bear down and play out of his mind. Then he went out to Vegas and he changed, the way Beanie says they all do. He saw too many people go busted. Now all he thinks of is whether he's got the best of it. He's lost that tiger."

Tiger or no tiger, Champagne Eddie had defeated a fine group of pool players to win his division. And so had the old man, Luther Lassiter. Steve Cook, only 23, who had won the Stardust Open in Vegas last year and played well always, was one of their victims. So was Wade Crane, 25, ranked second to Lassiter as a nine-ball player in the South. Jimmy Rempe, 23, who had been hustling in pool halls all over the country since he was 16, had also done well.

Among the older and wiser hands who fell were Weenie Beanie, DeValliere, Pat Lynch and Eddie Taylor, the Knoxville Bear. Lynch, who is in the construction business, is the silent man, speaking only when spoken to and then as briefly as possible. Taylor had not been playing much before Arlington, but he did manage to give Wimpy Lassiter his only nine-ball defeat.

By the time Kelly and Lassiter had finished warming up the tournament room was crammed. People filled all the 120 permanent seats, spilled over onto some folding chairs and even jammed the little corridor by the exit. A few stuck their heads through the curtains to the main room.

Bob Purdum, the announcer, watched as Kelly finished knocking in his last practice balls, then he walked over and made the introductions. Lassiter pulled his two-piece cue from its alligator case, and Kelly stood quietly watching.

The one-pocket was quickly over. Kelly controlled the breaks carefully, and took two tight games and one laughter and was three ahead, as everyone expected. Now for the nine-ball.

Kelly shot first, breaking well and winning, to make his lead in games 4-0, and he continued to dominate the play—to the crowd's disappointment—until he led 10-3. By then Lassiter was pressing



CHAMPAGNE EDDIE LEANS INTO A TIGHT ONE ON HIS WAY TO THE CHAMPIONSHIP

on every shot. In the 14th game Lassiter got to shoot first, and the place became absolutely quiet as he drew the pool cue back slowly through the fingers of his bridge hand for the break. Then, with an astonishing snap of his wrist, he whipped his lower arm forward through the cue ball, which slammed into the diamond-shaped nine-ball rack. The sound of the break cracked through the room, and balls zipped across the table in bewildering tangents of color and movement. But Lassiter and the crowd were riveted on only one of them: the yellow-and-white nine ball. It bounced off the back rail and came running down table to the left corner pocket, where it hung for a moment, then tumbled over the lip and fell in. Before the ball hit the bottom of the pocket, the roar went up. Now the score stood Lassiter 4, Kelly 10.

Wimpy broke again, and again the nine ball fell. The crowd cheered, and a voice yelled out, "One more time, Wimpy!"

Lassiter smiled and punched the air with his right hand. "Nine more times!" he replied, smiling. The score was 10-5.

Beefy, the rack man, set up the table and Wimpy stroked the cue ball once

more. It smashed into the fresh rack with just as much authority as before, and the nine ball headed obediently for the back corner pocket and fell. But this time the cue ball dropped too, and the cheer died.

It was all Champagne Eddie needed. Scowling most of the time, he played steadily and surely, winning the last three games in a row. Lassiter watched it all impassively. The crowd was polite as Kelly ran in his balls, but it was still a country crowd and Champagne Eddie, with his red bell-bottoms and satin shirt with barrel cuffs, shiny brown boots with flat toes and high heels, well, he wasn't their kind. Neither was Eddie's girl, watching him from one side with her frosted blonde hair, her bright red mini and her fancy red buttons and Nehru collar. But if Eddie noticed he didn't care, and when it was over he left with his girl to drink champagne in some more fashionable corner of northern Virginia.

Meanwhile a lady asked Wimpy for his autograph, and when she turned away she was crying. Like T-Shirt, she was country-style, and all she could think of was how one of her own had lost.

"He's such a wonderful man," she sobbed. "Such a gentleman." **END**



PHANTOMS OF THE SNOW

by WILLIAM JOHNSON

Men of steel and sons of Mars,
Under freedom's stripes and stars.
We are ski men,
We are free men,
And mountains are our home.
White-cled G.I. Joe,
We're the Phantoms of the Snow,
On our ski-boards we're the mountain infantry,
Happy-go-lucky; free.
And from Kiska to the Alps,
Where the wind howls thru our scalps,
With a slop slop slop
Of a pack against our back,
We will bushwack on to victory!

—A song of the 10th Mountain Division

Many of them are balding and softening now, bifocaled perhaps, white-collared, willing to see the world as defined each evening from Walter Cronkite's good gray lips. Many offer their utmost serious concentration each morning to the advice of helicopter pilot-announcers who tip off the serious commuter as to which of the city's concrete cloverleafs are suitable for passage that day. They are middle-aged—in their late 40s and early 50s mostly—caught irretrievably in the harness of modern survival. Admen, insurance men, postmen, tax men, salesmen.

continued

PHANTOMS

Life is the usual: In basket, Out basket, telephone bill, change storm windows, change oil, change channels, mortgage due, daily bread, can of beer. The usual.

Yet all of them are quick, very quick, to make it clear that they were once part of something unusual, something unique and exciting, historic in its way. That would be the 10th Mountain Division of the U.S. Army during World War II.

It was an extraordinary outfit, full of esprit and vigor. Even now—a full quarter of a century after the 10th Mountain was disbanded for all time—there are enough barstool lies around so that the number of claims to membership in the division probably far exceeds its total allotment of officers, men, mules and Red Cross doughnut girls combined.

Authentic veterans of the 10th are readily identified by the nostalgic paraphernalia they have accumulated. There are the framed photographs of the aging veteran as a young soldier, kneeling in the snow, grinning and looking rakish, with dark ski goggles snapped atop his beaked Alpine cap, or draped like some moon creature in baggy camouflage-white parka and pants, hefting a white-painted M-1 rifle.

An authentic veteran of the 10th will own stacks of the division's lively newspaper, *Blizzard*. And he will invariably recall that the paper's regular pinup picture was not a girl, but a hill—the Mountain of the Week. McKinley and Rainier got more exposure than Grable and Hayworth.

Occasionally there will even be an old 78-rpm phonograph record that will give forth the hoarse, massed locker room sound of the 10th Mountain Division Glee Club, performing such numbers as *Two Boards Upon Cold Powder Snow*, *Yo Ho or Ninety Pounds of Rucksack or Systems* and *Theories of Skiing*, which goes like this, in part:

There are systems and theories of skiing,

But one thing I surely have found
While skiing's confined to the winter-time,

The drinking's good all the year 'round,
Walla, walla, walla. . .

The 10th Mountain Division's Phantoms of the Snow are more than delighted to rummage about in their memories of walla-walla World War II. Most of them wound up believing they were markedly better men by the simple fact of having belonged to the 10th. Whatever civilian banalities may have been visited upon them in the meantime, there will always be that robust and ultimately ennobling service with the 10th to turn back to for moral resuscitation and repair of the soul. The 10th was an elite outfit—a little on the bizarre side perhaps, but indubitably elite.

It has often been noted that 1940 was not a good year for the planet Earth. War was everywhere, and there was much to be feared for the future. Already the German blitzkrieg had bowled over Poland, Belgium, the Netherlands, Denmark, Norway and France. Left-wing bombs burst through the night and much of London burned. There was, logically enough, a certain amount of anxiety along the East Coast, some of it stirred by the prospect that once England fell the next Nazi objective might well be the U.S.

And where would the Germans strike?

U-boat sightings and imaginary rubber-boat flotillas were reported with almost every nighttime flood tide that year from Plymouth Rock to the Roney Plaza. There also was an unusual amount of discussion in New England about how an honest-to-God blitzkrieg just might work coming along the same route the British took in 1777—moving along the St. Lawrence River, down the Champlain Valley, through the Adirondacks and down the Hudson. *Panzer* in Poughkeepsie! And if any of it should happen in winter what was to stop them? What kind of snowbank mountain warfare was the U.S. Army equipped to mount? The War Department had been careful over the years to schedule nearly all Army maneuvers either in the gumbo mud of Louisiana or on the frying-pan misery of Texas at full summer heat. One might well have got odds in 1940 as to whether the U.S. Army could hold its own in the snow even against flintlock and cocked-hat British Redcoats, let alone a mountain-trained *Panzer* division or two. There was, of course, more American awareness of a wintertime war than usual, for the sinewy little army of Finland was then fighting hopelessly against the overwhelming invaders from the Soviet Union. On silent skis and shrouded in white garments that made them all but invisible against the snow, the Finns would swoop in on a Soviet column, attack with ferocity, then glide off to some slick frozen surface of lake or canal. There they would remove skis, strap them to their backs, slip into a pair of Hans Brinker clamp skates and escape off across the ice. The Finns were crushed, of course, but their tactics were fascinating—at least to the millions who saw them on newsreels in the darkened Roxy's and Bijoux of this land.

Such was not the case at the War Department. Early in 1940 the National Ski Association offered its services to form a full-fledged U.S. ski troop. It was put down with a "thank-you-very-much-for-your-patriotic-suggestion" form letter from Washington. But then the War Department encountered a patriot named Charles Minot Dole. He was a lean, Establishment Bostonian out of Andover Academy, Yale and the New

continued





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continued
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York insurance business. He also represented the primitive world of recreational skiing—when rope tows were powered by Model T Ford engines and the toe strap had just been replaced by a binding known for good reasons as “the bear trap.” He founded the National Ski Patrol System after being stranded on a chill Vermont mountainside with a broken ankle. Minnie Dole (as he came to be known by U.S. brass up to and including Chief of Staff George C. Marshall, Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson and F.D.R. himself) was distinctly not a modest or retiring type. He felt no compunction about placing his views on military tactics before the U.S. top brass—beginning with a personal letter to President Roosevelt. As he put it in his autobiography: “I was excited by my vision of American troops trained under conditions similar to the Finns, ready to fight wherever snow was. And I persisted in my dream.”

The War Department was not entirely unaccustomed to the I-persisted-in-my-dream school of unsolicited advice. One of the first junior officers Minnie Dole encountered in Washington told him that his idea for ski troops was approximately equivalent to the ever-popular suggestion that the Army should create guns that could shoot around corners. But that did not deter the persistent dreamer. Soon he had arranged, through Yale connections in Washington, an audience with George Marshall. And soon General Marshall had pretty much swallowed the Dole sales pitch and ordered up a unit of mountain soldier-skiers. By December 1940 something called the Winter Warfare Board had been formed to start equipping the troops.

Unfortunately it was basing its recommendations on a dog-eared old government catalog—*Alpslaw Equipment, Revised Edition*, August 1914. Minnie Dole was properly scornful: “God, it was all furry boots and dog harness and mukluks and polar-bear harpoons and damfool things like that.” It was suggested, at one point, that this select corps of military skiers wear G.I. overshoes and use skis with toe straps in combat. Minnie Dole stepped right up and told the Army:

“Goddamn it, that is a damfool waste of money, and you might as well send a bunch of flatland farm boys wearing rubber boots as equip our men that way.” Nowadays when Minnie Dole, white-haired and perhaps a trifle stooped as he nears 70, puts his name in a copy of his autobiography it is neither surprising—nor even too overweening—that he would also include his title: “Minnie Dole—Founder of the N.S.P.S. & So-called Grand Daddy of the 10th Mt. Division.” Without Minnie the Army might well have fielded a full division of harpoonists wearing mukluks or, worse yet, dropped a wad of taxpayers’ money trying to shoot around corners.

In November 1941 Dole’s dream became true flesh. Surprisingly, recruiting for the unit had been generally delegated to the civilian-operated National Ski Patrol System. To guarantee the pure breed of clear-eyed, mountain-directed, right-thinking, frostproofed schuss-boomers the Army felt it deserved, the NSPS demanded that each volunteer submit three letters of personal recommendation. Family minister, athletic coach, headmaster, friendly neighborhood ski champion or home-town mountaineer would be required to vouch for a young man’s prowess on skis or in the woods, as well as for his sanitary character and flawless view of sin. (Later, these notes from home came to be known as WCTU slips.)

Oddly enough, the system worked, though it could not be enforced with unvarying rigidity. Minnie Dole recalled that one candidate applied with just one letter of recommendation: “This nominee will not become lost if there is no sun to go by. He will not starve if he has no rifle with which to shoot game. He will not freeze if he has no cover and snow is on the ground. I know because I taught him myself. Signed/His Big Brother, Hiram.” The man was accepted.

Recruiting large numbers of skiers in America back then was not so easy as it would be now. Skiing was an exotic pastime in the ‘30s, unknown to most Americans and considered a sport best practiced by the leisure class, something a little like fox hunting or squash.

Thus many men who volunteered for the unit were necessarily either the Dartmouth Outing Club variety of collegian or one of the dozens of European-born expert skiers who had come to live in the U.S., such as Swiss-born Dartmouth Coach Walter Prager; Peter Gabriel of St. Moritz; Torger Tøkle, the brilliant Norwegian ski jumper; Herb Schneider of St. Antonio; and Friedl Pfeifer, who was to become U.S. Olympic coach.

It was an elite unit. When the 10th was fighting in Italy a *Yank* magazine correspondent described the division this way: “It is very swank. With skiing the high-salaried sport it is in peacetime—

continued



PHANTOMS

the kind of sport where it costs two dollars for a lift up a hill—most of the volunteers are from well-to-do families. . . . Some of the things about the division will seem like story-book stuff to GIs who have been slugging it out steadily and undramatically here for 18 months, things like the Pfc. who comes from a swank Chicago suburb and carries the same .45 and holster his dad—an officer—carried in France in '17. Little things like regimental orders decreeing crew haircuts for every man, And widespread singing while they work." (It also was written that the men of the 10th *jeered* as they advanced in combat. This was roundly denied.)

The tone of the *Yank* article was furiously disputed, and the magazine was put on display around the unit latrines. It was true, however, that the 10th had a bearing that other outfits of the Army simply could not match. Because of the heavy influx of collegians, the unit totted up a particularly high average of I.Q. scores. A mark of 110 qualified any enlisted man for Officer Candidate School; one regiment of the 10th had no fewer than 64% of its troops ranked at or above the OCS level, and 92% ranked above the Army's average score of 91.

When drunk, men of the 10th tended to do what they knew best, such as donning a pair of crampons, taking a coil of rope and—starting from one wall of a lodge, lobby or bar—crawling flylike up the wall, across the ceiling and down the other wall. Or they would climb out of a hotel window—the higher the better—and simply rappel down several stories of sheer brick to be received by the gawking crowds on the street below.

At first this act started attention outside Denver's Brown Palace Hotel during the 10th's Colorado training phase, but later the crowds actually seemed to get used to it. But at a downtown hotel in Austin, Texas it suddenly became death-defying when performed for the lowland pedestrians, most of whom could scarcely bear to watch.

It also was true that when there were mountains to climb or slopes to schuss many men of the 10th would actually choose those recreations over everything else, even a weekend pass. Francis Sar-

gent, the good-natured and frank-spoken governor of Massachusetts, was a member of the 10th, and he recalled, "My God, half of the sonuvabuns in the outfit would rather go climb some rock than go down to town and look for booze and broads. I remember thinking it was the damndest thing for soldiers to act like that. But, of course, when the 10th got a few drinks under their belts they'd go into their hotel-climbing act, which no other outfit could top. And there never was anything wrong with the 10th when it came to girls, come to think of it—not once they came down the mountains and got their skis off, anyway."

There are many other recollections by 10th Mountain men of scenes that could scarcely have occurred in any other division of the Army. Of a university professor-private first class gently reading aloud to his bunkmates from Dante in 14th century Italian. Of a barracks in which there were only artists—talented young artists. Of the professor-platoon leader who suddenly halted his hyper-

tense squad as he was leading them across the dank and fogged terrain of Kiska. "Look!" he whispered hoarsely. As men all around him fell to the ground expecting Japanese rifle fire, he pointed toward a small tree and said gently, "It's a Peale's falcon, very rare, very rare."

During the ferocious weeks of combat the *Buzzard*, an uncommonly literate publication, published information about the distinctive bouquet of various wines made in different regions of Italy, certainly not the sort of information one might expect in a service paper, but just the right touch for the division gourmets. The paper also carried declensions of Italian verbs for those who wished to learn the language. Earlier, when the division was stationed in Texas, the men of the 10th got all involved in a watercolor-painting contest and, later, a poetry competition. The best poems were published in a thin pamphlet titled *Briefly*. This was no exercise in locker-room doggerel. Many were exceedingly sensitive. One poem, called *The Captains and the Kings Depart*, was written by a

THIS IS THE SPORT THE 10TH BUILT

Once tagged with such a glamorous title as Phantom of the Snow, it figures that a man would be hooked on skiing for life. Coming out of World War II, men of the 10th were exactly that; they fanned out and, in effect, spurred the sport all across the U.S.

Former *Phantoms* discovered and developed ski areas, like ex-Sergeant Pete Seibert, who pioneered Vail, Colo.—even naming its most popular run Riva Ridge in memory of that famous Italian battle objective. Seibert later added the 10th's Bob Parker and Bill Brown as executives. Other veterans developed more mountain resorts: Larry Jump at Colorado's Aspen; Leon Wilson at Ski Broadmoor, Garry Wren at Steamboat Springs; Fred Pfeifer at Aspen. In the East, Dave Judson moved into Otis Ridge in Massachusetts; Herbert Schneider to Mt. Cranmore in New Hampshire and Neil Robinson to Glen Ellen in Vermont. Then came the teachers, such as Walter Prager, who coached Dartmouth for 20 years, and is now a Wilmington, N.Y.

ski shop owner; Carl Clune, chief of the Aspen ski school; Sig Eng of Sun Valley; Kerr Sparks of Stone, and Cliff Taylor of short-ski fame, now at Squaw Valley.

Ski business, too, is spotted with ex-*Phantoms* such as R. A. (Doc) Des Roches, executive director of Ski Industries of America; John Woodward, vice-president of A&T Ski Co.; Nick Hoek of Lange Co., and Steve Knowlton, U.S. Olympic skier in 1948 and now director of Colorado Ski Country, U.S.A. Outside skiing, other 10th men made it big, such as Kansas Senator Robert Dole, also chairman of the Republican National Committee; Francis Sargent, the sking governor of Massachusetts; and David Bonner, former executive director of the Sierra Club.

Perhaps Knowlton says it best for the old men of the 10th: "I was ski crazy when I went into the division 30 years ago. When I came out I was still ski crazy. I have been doing my level best to promote the sport ever since."

Pfc. C. K. Moore and read in part:

*What becomes of them,
The action lovers?
Benders of nature,
Extroverts of the will,
Determined of mind,
Of body,
Not to be subdued,
Not to be thwarted
In their prime:
When their years are light
As April rain,
Do they die in a spurt
Of orange flame over Stuttgart—
50th Mission "incomplete"?
Or is life fall for them
As a brimming glass
At a little flat in the East 50's,
New York City,
When the wife is at a native
Downtown,
And Jeff and Ruthie are sophomores
At Park Lane High?
Is it all over
But the shooting?
Are they dead—the action lovers?*

The 10th Mountain Division was an amorphous entity during much of its brief and curious life. For months its headquarters was an office in the Graybar Building in Manhattan. Then, at last, the first volunteer arrived at Fort Lewis, Wash. He was a former captain of the Dartmouth ski team, with his skis on his shoulder and orders freshly cut to join the 87th Mountain Infantry, which was the forerunner of the full 10th Division. He was greeted with cold amusement. No one at Fort Lewis had heard of any ski troops; the MPs laughed and told him he had made history, because he was the only man ever to serve all by himself in an Army regiment. But soon enough others arrived, mostly three-letter men (as their NSPS recommendations had led them to be tagged); but many were no-letter men of the regular Army, appalled at the prospect of spending a winter in the snow. Among those arrivals were those paragons of transportation without which any mountain unit is all but useless: mule skinner and their mules.

Perhaps one of the more extravagant surprises awaiting the three-letter men

who volunteered to ski was the revelation that they would be required to learn the care, feeding and friendly persuasion of mules.

The unit spent the winter of 1941-42 on Mount Rainier, where the annual snowfall sometimes totals 500 inches: at times snow was banked as deep as the eaves of their barracks, and the men used a network of tunnels in the snow to get about the place. Often there were eerie, opaque fogs that obliterated all sense of place or time, and powerful winds shrieked for endless hours during blizzards upon the mountain. The regimen was desperately hard, but most of the men thrived on it. Even the dawning young men of the South came to revel in the joys of the snowplow and the stem Christy, even though they persisted in slurring references to skis as bed slats, or "tawchah boards."

By the end of that bitter season the 87th was in prime physical condition, and the decision had been made in the War Department that this hard nucleus of mountain troops would be expanded to 4,000 that summer and to full division strength of 15,000 by the winter of '43.

By this time the nation was deeply involved in the war. The setting was perfect for the creation of a myriad of popular and glamorized symbols of the magnificent American "war effort," and few things could enhance the image better than to pair it with something wholesome, pristine and preferably athletic—like skiing in new powder snow or, perhaps, climbing a really good-looking mountain.

So the grand propaganda machinery started to grind, and the nation soon was filled with films and photos and sketches and splendid four-color billboard facsimiles of life with the U.S. Army's ski troops, or Alpine Commandos, as they came to be known. Paramount and 20th Century-Fox studios put together a number of short-subject features. The newsreels did their part, too, so the U.S. movie buff got lots of looks at the tanned, well-toothed fellows, dramatically draped in white camouflage, dipping and leaping over sun-washed trails as they

fought above Sun Valley to defend the nation's heritage. Warner Bros. released a 20-minute film—in Technicolor—titled *Mountain Fighters*.

There were many shots, too, of Alaskan huskies pulling sleds loaded with machine guns. Such tactics were never seriously practiced, but it was felt that the dogs and sleds made excellent copy for animal lovers. There also was a certain amount of attention paid to the art of fighting a war tied in with the romantic sport of rock-climbing. Thus there were rotogravure photos of young soldiers dangling nonchalantly from sheer rock faces, crampons set, ice axes firmly snagged in some safe crevice, their rifles slung upon their backs as they gazed out in a kind of Byronic rapture over the view of valleys (and perhaps the war) far, far below.

The 10th Mountain Division probably got more publicity than any single military unit during the early stages of the war.

There was no mention of the need to skin mules or of the almost daily need to shovel several tons of snow away from the mess-hall door before anybody could get in to eat breakfast. Recruitment grew at a marvelous rate, and the War Department decided a new post should be built for the division. After being rejected by Yellowstone National Park the Army settled on a site near Tennessee Pass high in the Rockies of Colorado. The name of the post was to be Camp Hale: altitude 9,300 feet, with mountains rising to 13,000. It was anything but Shangri-La.

The elevation caused critical problems for many men. Some wobbled about in states of chronic dizziness and nausea; some simply could not catch their breaths. Those who did acclimate to the height discovered they could consume inhuman quantities of liquor when they went down to the richer air of Denver, nearly a mile lower than the camp. They also learned that a man who had imbibed to a point that made him interesting in Denver (perfectly capable of repelling the Brown Palace) would revert to a flopping, falling-down drunk the moment he got off the bus back in the thin air at camp.

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countdown
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There were plenty of other problems: an epidemic of respiratory ailments; wood ticks carrying Rocky Mountain spotted fever; countless cases of high-altitude sunburn, even lightning strikes on the mountaintops.

Yet all was not bleak. Some 25 years later 10th veteran Andrew D. Hastings Jr. produced a graduate-school paper about the life and times at Camp Hale, noting: "The will to preserve their glamorous preconceptions of the mountain troops and a growing pride in newly acquired skills and ability to withstand hardship caused most of the men to sublimate their misfortunes through a plethora of parochial jokes and glowing letters to the relatives. After all, the food was good (mountain rations specified 4,000 to 4,500 calories per day) . . . and the ski tows were indeed free as advertised. . . . Their slowly acquired agility to cope with the elevation, mountain streams, and difficult rock faces generated a fierce pride which relished and thrived on adversity in a manner bordering on the masochistic. In a kind of service snobbery, the notion of 'the boys below them on the plain' was transferred to a qualitative concept as well, so flatland soldiers were thought of as being below (perhaps 'beneath' is a better term) them in every sense of its meaning. It really amounted simply to a unit morale feeling, but mountain men professed to be tougher, more versatile, better disciplined, more resourceful and even bright-

er soldiers than found elsewhere in any arm of the service."

By July 1943 the 10th was classified as a true division, the 10th Light Infantry Division (Alpine). Two of its regiments—the 85th and the 86th—were at Camp Hale. The 87th, now toughened and wise in the ways of mountainside combat after its pioneering days on Mount Ranier, had been whisked off to Fort Ord, Calif., where it was submitted to the science of amphibious-landing assaults. By the end of July the 87th was aboard heaving transports in the chill waters of the North Pacific Ocean, bound for one of the most bizarre actions of World War II, the invasion of Kiska Island.

D-day on Kiska was Aug. 15, 1943, and American Intelligence had reported that the Japanese garrison was dug in for a ferocious defense, intent on holding this speck of land in the Aleutian Islands chain no matter what the price. Already in the invasion of Attu, U.S. troops had encountered the Japanese tactics of fighting in the demented weather conditions of the Aleutians. The violence of the williwaw type of storm was common to the region, and higher areas of the mountains were almost constantly under a soaking, dense layer of fog. Thus the combination of powerful, shrieking winds and a pea-soup atmosphere caused a man to be practically blind and deaf. On Attu the Japanese would simply lie in wait in the gale and

the fog, with their automatic weapons at the ready. When they saw the groping shapes of American troops emerge in the mist they would wait until several silhouettes had advanced to within a few feet of their position, and then they would direct machine-gun fire out of what seemed to the Americans to be a solid wall of fog. Within seconds the Japanese would melt away again in the mist to set up another invisible emplacement not many yards away. It was a peculiarly nightmarish kind of combat, and the psychological toll was extremely heavy.

The assault on Kiska was launched in the dawn, and men of the 87th were printed for the same kind of terrifying tactics by the Japanese. In the growing light, as they crept across the beach and up the mountainsides, there were occasional wild shots. But there was never any concentrated heavy fire from the locations where the Japanese were supposedly dug in. After a tense day passed without contact with the enemy, the Americans grew odgier. Then, during that chill night, some savage fire fights broke out at scattered points on the island. It was not until pale morning that the 87th and other units discovered that they had been firing upon each other, that the shapes emerging from the fog had been their own troops moving from another part of the island. In all, 28 men were killed; 50 were wounded. Within 72 hours the awful suspicion that had begun to dawn on D-day plus one proved to be true. There were no Japanese troops at all. They had withdrawn a few hours before the attack.

The men of the 87th had been bloodied in battle, all right. But a would be difficult to imagine a sadder combat debut.

At Camp Hale, the 10th Division now received its own shoulder patch—a red-white-and-blue Roman numeral X, formed by crossed bayonets on a powder keg. Bayonets? Powder keg? The returned veterans of Kiska were so disgusted with the design that they wore the patch upside down. The winter training at Hale proceeded in grim routine in the thin and frigid air of the Rockies. The men worked on close-order drill

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continued
PHANTOMS

while wearing skis, did kick turns on command and hauled those 90-pound rucksacks for miles through deep snow.

The winter of 1944 was unusually cold in Colorado, and temperatures were frequently at the -40° level. During a four-week stretch in March and April the 10th Division held what may have been the most intensive and demanding set of maneuvers in modern military times. The whole division went up into the mountains on skis and snowshoes, with mules packed, and there they stayed for around 30 days. Some men slept outside every night during that whole period. Some of the time it was 30° below zero, yet campfires were forbidden in order to maintain maximum security. Damp socks were dried by wearing them next to one's chest the next day; no man left his boots outside his sleeping bag at night, for by dawn they would be hard, as if they were cast in iron. The men of the 10th had learned to build igloos, to pitch tents in a howling blizzard, to burrow snugly (and safely) into a snowdrift for the night, to construct snow forts for protection against an enemy (loosely packed snow stopped bullets better than hard-packed).

Few soldiers were better fitted for the brutal demands of combat than the 15,000 men of the 10th Division after that marathon of survival. Yet no one wanted the division, and there was even a real question as to whether it would ever be needed. As the discerning Hastings wrote in his thesis: "The 10th Light Alpine Division had been offered to various theater commanders and had been rejected on logistical grounds. No theater seemed willing to cope with the highly specialized table of mountain equipment. Where would they procure such things as mules, pack howitzers, skis, pitons or ice axes . . . ?"

"At this point the Department of the Army decided to send the Division to Texas for conversion to flatland infantry. . . . The depth of degradation was reached when the word 'Alpine' was stricken from the Division designation. That summer, the Division was subjected to a variety of tests to qualify it for flatland operations, river assault and jungle infiltration, during which it had to

contend with scorpions, copperheads and coral snakes. . . ."

Their 'tawichah beads' and mountaineering equipment had been mostly left behind in Colorado; the newswires had long ago forgotten them, and they hadn't been called Whiz Kids or Spectacular Specialists or Miraculous Men of the Mountains or Glory Guys for months and months. The future seemed to hold little of dramatic potential, except for an occasional scramble down the side of a hotel in Austin.

Of course, there would be no legend of the 10th Mountain Division, no proud



rets, no bands of liars to make specious claims of membership if it had all perished out at Camp Swift, Texas, would there? Certainly not. Three years had gone by since the elite mountain troops had first been formed and, really, what had they to show for it? The tragedy of Kiska, a brilliant display of stamina in what was no more than a war game and perhaps a certain way with mules and scorpions. Something better than that had to happen. It did, Andrew Hastings continued in his dissertation: "Then came the surprise announcement which produced a metamorphosis of attitude even more instantaneous than that of the previous June. It arrived on Thanksgiving Day 1944 and the occasion couldn't have been more fitting: the out-

fit was redesignated the 10th Mountain Division. The title had a warm, musical ring to it. Somebody up there liked them!"

Perhaps, perhaps. About the same time it got the new name, the division also got a new commanding officer. And, finally, it got a promise of new action.

Major General George P. Hays, a veteran of the Normandy invasion and holder of a Congressional Medal of Honor from World War I, arrived to take over from Major General Lloyd E. Jones, a rather frail officer whom Minnie Dole remembered as "always sitting on a radiator; he could never seem to get warm."

The battle for Italy had bogged down in late '44 at the Germans' famed Gothic Line in the Apennines, about 35 miles from Florence. It was the Nazi defense that barricaded the entire chain of valleys forming a gateway to the Po River. The terrain contained little of the challenging grandeur of the Rockies; it was made more in the likeness of the furry peaks of New England. The weather was similar, too: nasty enough, always chill, though rarely near zero, and given to falls of damp, never truly powdery, snow. Most of the roads were primitive and quickly became gluey mud. Because the region had been under repeated assault by the divisions of General Mark Clark's Fifth Army, most of the ancient stone farmhouses showed shell damage and much of the higher ground was scarred with craters, shattered trees and fresh graves.

The Nazi positions on Monte Belvedere had been the target of three massive attacks. Each assault had faltered and was ultimately broken on the abrupt ridge that lay at the foot of the valley leading to the powerful Nazi fortifications. The Italian campaign had come to be called the Forgotten Front, for it had produced little Allied progress in months.

It was here that the 10th Mountain would make its stand and, ultimately, its reputation. The division was reissued mountain gear (there were almost no skis, however), and early in the winter of 1944-45 it arrived in Naples. The troops

continued

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moved quickly into the combat zone and found a quagmire of mud. There was no opportunity for the swift, clean thrill of skiing into battle as so diligently practiced in Colorado, although there was some ski work on patrols. A few members of the 10th put on skis to pose for publicity shots for Yank.

Still there was no doubt that the 10th had arrived. German leaflets began turning up among the troops, saying: "You have seen Naples, now you will die. This is not Camp Hale, where you had 15,000 men skiing at the foot of Tennessee Pass." The Germans also had propagandized their own men, as was learned later in diaries kept by the Nazi troops, by warning them: "The 10th Mountain Division is here. Be triply alert, for it is a crack outfit." The Germans were told that the 10th was incredibly barbaric and that it had sworn an oath never to take prisoners.

The key to the entire campaign to come lay in whether or not the 10th could take the Serrasiaccia-Campiano Ridge, which effectively protected the approach to the German emplacements on the essential high ground of Monte Belvedere. And perhaps the single most critical bit of real estate in that whole region was a steep and icy cliff, quite rocky and about 1,500 feet high, at the top of which lay an essential attack-approach to the key German defenses. It came to be known as Riva Ridge. There were more than 80 German guns with four battalions dug in beyond Riva along the Serrasiaccia-Campiano Ridge, another four in immediate reserve, and the roads, plateaus and even the mountainsides had been thickly strewn with mines.

Through late January '45 and early February the bulk of the 10th Division moved into the villages and stone farmhouses that lay below the Germans' Belvedere fortifications; much of the advancement was done after dark in the hope that the Nazis would not discover the size of the force. The assault was to begin at dusk on Feb. 18 and proceed through the night when—hopefully—the 1st Battalion and F Company of the 86th Regiment would have secured the terrain at the top. The other two regiments of the 10th would

then attack Belvedere at other points.

The black and slippery climb up Riva, as it turned out, was the only significant action in which the 10th Mountain Division actually had to use the expertise it had developed in its months of labor on Mount Rainier and at Camp Hale. All the singing about "two boards upon cold powder snow" and "the white-clad G.I. Joe" went for naught once the 10th went to war. Yet no one in the 10th—or perhaps in all of the War Department—would dispute that the Riva Ridge performance made it all worthwhile. On that dark night, with a biting wet wind snapping around them, the mountaineers clambered cautiously up the wet rocks. In some places it was so steep and slippery that they had to use pions and lines set by a tiny corps of climbing experts that had gone up the cliff ahead. Each time a rock clattered down or a man cursed in the dark those around him would pause breathlessly, never certain but what the slightest noise would bring a fusillade of bullets and grenades from above.

Before dawn they reached the top, apparently unseen. The three-letter men had performed as their press clippings had said they should. The Germans were taken by surprise. They had assumed that Riva Ridge was unclimbable, at least at night.

On top, the men of the 10th secured their positions, then for two days fought off a series of savage attacks from the German garrison. Eventually a supply line was rigged up the ridge. With other units advancing from other angles, the 10th took Monte Belvedere on the following day. The keystone to the previously solid German Gothic Line crumbled. Four days later Monte della Torracchia fell, and the Nazis were forced to fall back to the Genghis Khan Line.

This conquest of Belvedere by the 10th ultimately became the launching pad for the entire spring offensive of Clark's Fifth Army. Through all of April the American forces swept across the Apennines and into the Po River Valley. Indeed, with the impatient General Hays driving them along, the 10th became the spearhead of the spring offensive, crashing through the vaunted Genghis Khan

Line in six days, ultimately becoming the first U.S. troops to cross the Po, then thundering on into the Alps to close the Brenner Pass.

On May 2 General Fridolin von Senger and Etterlin sadly surrendered the German forces in Italy to General Mark Clark. As his own special tribute to the ferocity and skills of the "swank" 10th Mountain soldiers, von Senger asked that his American escort to the surrender site near Verona be the 10th's own General Hays. Von Senger said that though he had campaigned on all three of the European fronts the toughest troops he had run into were the "elite men of the 10th Mountain Division."

It had been a remarkable display. In just four months of combat the 10th had effectively crippled or destroyed nine German divisions and taken more than 20,000 prisoners. Yet it was at a bloody cost. Few divisions were as horribly decimated in so few weeks. Although there were eight U.S. divisions involved in the Fifth Army's campaign through Italy, the 10th took a full one-third of the casualties. In all, 990 men were killed (including the champion jumper, Torger Tokle). Another 3,000 were wounded.

British Field Marshal Harold Alexander said later: "The only trouble with the 10th Mountain Division was that the officers and men did not realize that they were attempting something which couldn't be done, and after they got started they had too much intestinal fortitude to quit. The result was that they accomplished the impossible."

Perhaps the true perceptions of those days have faded from the minds of the 10th Mountain boys, now turned middle-aged. Perhaps the fact that much of what they did in Italy could as well have been done by "flatland farm boys wearing rubbers" really does not matter in their memories. They had their own tradition, their own sense of history.

Ah, yes. . . .

*Men of steel and sons of Mars,
We are ski men,
We are free men,
We're the Phantoms
Of the Snow.*

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BLUNDER BOWL

Sirs:

I have had it! All the sportswriters and sportscasters called the Super Bowl a comedy of errors. You called it the Blunder Bowl (*Eleven Big Mistakes*, Jan. 25). Admittedly both teams made mistakes, but it was the defenses that caused the mistakes. For anyone who likes defensive battles this one topped them all. I thought it was a great game.

Boudes, who could ask for a more dramatic ending to a football game? Unless, of course, George Blanda plays for your favorite team.

TOM MILES

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

Good defense always beats good offense. Correction, great defense. The Dallas running game, which destroyed San Francisco's much-publicized front four, was held to little more than 100 yards. Dante Thomas gained more than that himself against the 49ers.

CHARLES P. SCHELLER

Towson, Md.

Sirs:

I can't imagine why any knowledgeable fan, including your expert, can't give praise and justice where it belongs. The Baltimore defense is the greatest.

DR. R. JAMES VASSAR

York, Pa.

Sirs:

Tex Maule has managed to overlook one of the finest defensive football games ever played—fine to the point of making both offensive teams completely ineffective—just to get his literary kicks.

JAMES A. RYLAND

Sykesville, Md.

Sirs:

Your article had the wrong title. It should have been named *Twelve Big Mistakes*. The 12th mistake was Tex Maule's article.

JOHN COAN

Richmond

Sirs:

Tex Maule was justified in emphasizing the slapstick quality of the Super Bowl, but I think he failed to give positive credit where it was due. The Colts and Cowboys reached the Super Bowl primarily because of their defenses. Their offenses were average, at best. The mistakes were the natural outgrowth of these pairings.

RICK CLINE

Chatham, Va.

Sirs:

I never thought I would see an NFL championship game in which neither team deserved to win. A football team that fumbles the ball away four times in a championship game and throws it away three times on interceptions does not deserve to win, and neither does a team that picks up only one touchdown from its opponents' seven miscues—and fumbles on the goal line.

I suppose this Stupor Bowl will be called "a great defensive battle," but to me it was more like two old ladies fighting feebly over an elastic girdle marked down in price.

DENNIS NEWMAN

Racine, Wis.

Sirs:

I enjoyed Tex Maule's excellent article, but I must take issue with his reference to the two teams as "the pro game's finest." The best teams were watching on television because of the owners' money-hungry decision to break up the league into six divisions. Minnesota played one flat game. The Lions ran into one great day of Cowboy defense. The Rams, with a backbreaking schedule, paid the penalty of the owners' design. And so on.

Let's get rid of the six divisions, the "wild card" teams, the Mickey Mouse games. Two leagues are O.K., but let the teams with the best records play for the championship.

DAVID W. ELLIS

Cincinnati

Sirs:

If any team in an NFL championship game in previous years had made the mistakes the Colts did, they would have lost by at least 30 points. And I cannot recall any team that was ever in the finals that was as offensively inept as Dallas.

P. WHITTINGTON WHITTINGTON

Mobile, Ala.

Sirs:

No one has mentioned a second opportunity Baltimore had in the third quarter to kick a field goal. O'Brien missed a 52-yarder that was wide but almost long enough. Widly kicked out, and Gardin caught it on the Dallas 48 and tried to run with it. If he had signaled for a fair catch Baltimore could have elected to try a free kick. O'Brien would have had a 48-yard try with no worries or irritation. But rarely in modern football does a team take advantage of this provision in the rules for a free kick after a fair catch.

EDWARD J. (DOC) STOREY

Lauderdale-by-the-Sea, Fla.

BEST FRESH

Sirs:

Sandy Treudnell (*Give Lefty a V, a V and . . .*, Jan. 25) should bone up on his researching. He infers that Maryland has the best freshman team in the country this year. I'd put the UCLA freshman squad up against anybody. Maryland may have Tom McMillen, but UCLA has 6' 10½" Bill Walton, a red-haired ball of fire with immense all-round ability.

PHIL ROSS

Costa Mesa, Calif.

Sirs:

The outstanding freshman team is here at the University of Dayton. We have the best pair of freshman guards in the country in Donald Smith and Jack Kill.

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SIXTY-MINUTE BASKETBALL

Sirs:

I was amazed at your foolish endorsement (*SCORECARD*, Jan. 18) of the suggestion to lengthen the time of National Basketball Association games to 60 minutes. It was stated that average games "run well under two hours" and that a longer game could produce "greater concession and radio-TV revenues." Do you honestly think that the average fan cares about the league picking up a few extra bucks? The delicate balance of an attractive sport should not be ruined just for television.

As for the argument that longer games would help the coaches and players because there would be more playing time for substitutes, this is the most ridiculous statement of all. NBA teams have lost much of their depth because of expansion and the conflict with the ABA. The high quality of NBA basketball would deteriorate if substitutes had to play more than they do now.

DAVID D. MARIL

Worcester, Mass.

Sirs:

I say this idea may be fine for the television zombies who need only sit and watch as the players sweat it out for 12 minutes more than they are actually supposed to. It may also be good for the money-hungry radio and TV stations. But there are only so many players allowed on a team roster. Longer games mean greater chances for more players to get hurt. As it is, when a player is tired he is taken out and replaced, so it is still a team sport. Under the 60-minute rule a team that is behind will have to keep its starters in there longer than necessary. Then it will not be a team sport. This idea

continued

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19TH HOLE • continued

will only work with exceptional teams with strong benches, but the weaker teams won't have a chance.

I believe this type of modification would only be detrimental to the game of basketball.

BRITT JAMES

Portland, Maine

PITCHED OUT

Sin:

In regard to your article *We Have a New-sonic in the Backfield*, Doctor (Jan. 18), I agree with Drs. Ogilvie and Turko that advances cannot be friends while on the field, but I disagree with them about the character-building potential of sports. I believe sports can be very beneficial to a person's character if they are handled correctly.

The first thing that must be eliminated is the win-at-all-costs ethic. Winning is good, but not if by winning all you do is over-inflate the already inflated ego of the coach and the superior athletes while those on the bench suffer. You have to form a balance where all players on the team develop a sense of camaraderie and teamwork. In this way you make the inferior athlete feel like he is contributing to the team and also somewhat suppress the overinflated ego of the superior athlete. The only way to achieve this balance is to allow all players to participate in games regardless of talent.

I realize that this would not be practical in professional sports, but I think that on a college or high school level and below, this would not only be practical but desirable.

JOHN L. J. HORVATH

Middletown, N.J.

Sin:

Joe James' article about the psychological hang-ups of athletes was absolutely outstanding. I am a high school swimmer, and I often get depressed when I do not attain my goals. I continually dream of athletic stardom, and I always try to analyze my psyche to see if I am in the right state of mind for practices and meets. After reading James' article I would like to turn my case over to "The Shrinks." Please send me the address.

JAY HALPERN

Wyncote, Pa.

Sin:

Please extend my heartfelt sympathy to all the coaches and future coaches of America. If this movement takes any kind of a head, we're all in big trouble. Is there no room left for creativity and individual thought?

LEONARD SCHNEIDER

Plainville, N.Y.

Address editorial mail to Time & Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10030.

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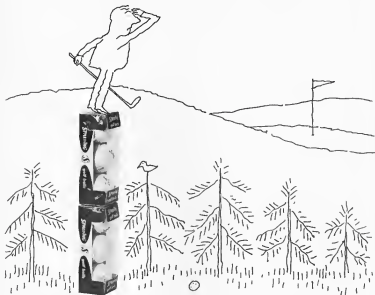
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